



THE STOCKBRIDGE TRILOGY: II

THE ETERNAL SUMMER

A FOUR-PART STORY BY JONATHAN MORRIS

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE DOCTOR/LORD/VIRIDIOS: PETER DAVISON

Time traveller/alternative version of self/ancient God-like 'Green Man' spirit of the trees. Hoarse, sinister.

NYSSA/LADY: SARAH SUTTON

High-minded young girl/alternative version of self.

MAXWELL EDISON: MARK WILLIAMS

(55) Amateur UFO spotter and ghost-hunter. Enthusiastic, insecure, rambling.

LIZZIE CORRIGAN: PAM FERRIS

(55) Gutsy, no-nonsense, eccentric to the point of being batty. Fruity-voiced.

HAROLD WITHERS: ROGER HAMMOND

(65) World-weary, cricket-and-gardening type. Middle-class country accent.

DUDLEY JACKSON: NICK BRIMBLE

(40) Cheery, sardonic, rough-voiced, smoker. Working-class country accent.

ALICE WITHERS: SUSAN BROWN

(65) Kindly, softly-spoken, reserved old lady. Middle-class country accent.

JANE POTTER: ABIGAIL HOLLICK

(18) Disorganised, head-in-the-clouds, exuberant, romantic-minded young girl.

DAVE, VICAR, VILLAGERS & P.I.G. TEAM played by members of the company.

DIRECTOR: BARNABY EDWARDS

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PART ONE

1: PRE-TITLES (REPRISE FROM 'CASTLE OF FEAR')

(FX: THE ENGINES OF A SPACESHIP ARE OVERLOADING. BASSY RUMBLE GROWING IN VOLUME. CIRCUITS GURGLING AND BELCHING. THE DOCTOR PUNCHING BUTTONS, KNOTTING CABLES, RIPPING OPEN SHELL LAYERS,...)

NYSSA:

Doctor – that sound...

DOCTOR: (BREATHLESS, WHILST ATTEMPTING TO FIX THINGS)

Yes. Atrial dysrhythmia! The ship's engines are fibrillating!

NYSSA:

Fibrillating?

DOCTOR:

It's suffering a heart attack! If I can't find some way of stabilising the sinus rhythm.. the hyperspatial warp core will ignite – and the entire ship will explode!

NYSSA:

But if it explodes – the consequences would be catastrophic –

DOCTOR:

Yes. No more planet Earth. No more solar system, for that matter. In fact, it'd take rather a large chunk out of the Milky Way.

NYSSA:

Then hadn't you better hurry?

DOCTOR: (SQUEEZING INTO SMALL AREA)

I'm trying, Nyssa. It's complicated. There should be some sort of metabolic fail-safe, if only I can find – (PAIN) Ow!

NYSSA:

What's the matter?

DOCTOR:

That bit's hot.

NYSSA:

How long do you think we have?

DOCTOR:

Until it explodes? Not long. A few minutes, if we're lucky.

NYSSA:

And if we're unlucky?

DOCTOR:

I recommend not starting any long sentences.

NYSSA:

But what if there isn't a 'metabolic fail-safe'?

DOCTOR:

Ah. I was hoping you wouldn't ask that. If I can just manage to — (REALISATION) No. No response. It's dead! (BEAT) There's nothing I can do. Get back to the TARDIS!

NYSSA:

I'm not leaving you, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Nyssa. That's an order! It's your only chance.

NYSSA:

Then come with me.

DOCTOR:

It's too late... warp core ignition. It's going to — (explode)

(FX: THE DOCTOR'S WORDS ARE CUT OFF BY A DEVASTATING EXPLOSION. WHICH TURNS INTO A WARPING, ECHOING, PHASING, AS THOUGH TIME ITSELF IS BEING RIPPED APART... TAKING US INTO THE OPENING TITLES!)

2: BED AND BREAKFAST BEDROOM

(FX: CALM, SUMMERY ATMOSPHERE. BIRDSONG. A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.)

ALICE: (VIA DOOR)

Doctor?

DOCTOR:

(WAKING) Hmm?

ALICE: (VIA DOOR)

Doctor Smith? Are you awake yet? Your breakfast.

DOCTOR:

(CONFUSED) My... come in. (LOUDER) Come in!

(FX: DOOR OPENS. ALICE ENTERS WITH CLINKING BREAKFAST TRAY.)

ALICE:

Still in bed, I see! Well, I won't be keeping you. There you go — boiled egg, toast and a cup of tea. Two sugars. Just as you like it!

DOCTOR:

Er... thanks. I'm sorry to ask, but... who are you?

ALICE:

Who am I?

DOCTOR:

Humour me.

ALICE:

Alice. Alice Withers? Ooh, it's a beautiful day out. You couldn't ask for a finer day.

(FX: DRAWING CURTAINS, OPENING WINDOW)

DOCTOR:

And you've brought me... breakfast.

ALICE:

Well, the Green Dragon is a bed and breakfast, you know! Speaking of which, you should make a start, your tea'll be getting cold.

DOCTOR:

You called me Doctor Smith. How d'you know my, er, name?

ALICE:

I don't know. You must've told us, I suppose!

DOCTOR:

When did I tell you?

ALICE:

Oh, it's too long ago to remember. You just... told us.

DOCTOR:

(DRINKS) And how do you know how I take my tea?

ALICE:

How do I know? Milk, two sugars, it's what you always have.

DOCTOR:

What I always have?

ALICE:

You've had the same breakfast all the time you've been here. Boiled egg, toast and –

DOCTOR:

How long have I been here?

ALICE:

Oh, now, let me see – you've been staying with us for... well, about as long as I can remember. Come to think of it, I can't remember a time when you weren't here.

DOCTOR:

But I can't have always been here, can I?

ALICE:

If you say so, Doctor Smith. I'll be leaving you now, while you get yourself dressed –

DOCTOR:

Wait. One last thing. Silly question, but – where am I?

ALICE:

Are you having fun? Only I'm not really in the mood.

DOCTOR:

No. No. I'm just a trifle... disorientated, that's all.

ALICE:

A bad dream?

DOCTOR:

Yes, that's it, a very bad dream. So where am I?

ALICE:

Stockbridge village, of course.

DOCTOR:

Stockbridge. Yes. (SIGH) It would have to be.

3: BED AND BREAKFAST DINING ROOM

(FX: CREAKING STAIRS. DOOR OPENS. CLOCK TICKING. NEWSPAPERS BEING TIDIED. RADIO PLAYING CLASSICAL MUSIC.)

HAROLD:

Ah, Doctor. Feeling better? Alice mentioned you weren't quite yourself this morning.

DOCTOR:

Yes... (BEAT) Sorry, who do you think I am?

HAROLD:

(AMUSED) Who do I think you are?

DOCTOR:

When I am myself.

HAROLD:

You're the Doctor. Doctor John Smith. The village Doctor.

(FX: ALICE ENTERS FROM KITCHEN – DOOR SWINGING SHUT. TIDYING, DUSTING.)

ALICE:

Ah, up and about I see. Breakfast alright, was it?

DOCTOR:

Yes, just as I like it... Alice, wasn't it? So this would be your... husband? Mr Withers?

HAROLD:

Harold.

DOCTOR:

You couldn't remind me – when did I first come to stay with you?

HAROLD:

What?

DOCTOR:

When did you meet me for the first time? When did I arrive?

HAROLD:

I don't remember you ever arriving, do you Alice?

ALICE:

No.

DOCTOR:

You don't remember?

HAROLD:

No, it's just... you've always been here.

DOCTOR:

But there must have been a time before, when I wasn't here.

HAROLD:

No, don't think so.

DOCTOR:

What, so I was here yesterday?

HAROLD:

Yes.

DOCTOR:

And the day before that?

HAROLD:

Yes.

DOCTOR:

And the day before that?

HAROLD:

Yes.

DOCTOR:

And the year before that? And the year before that?

HAROLD:

What you getting at, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Harold, how long have you been running this bed and breakfast?

HAROLD:

Ooh, must be getting on for thirty years now.

ALICE:

At least, if not more. Ever since we were married.

(FX: WE GET A SPOOKY, ECHOEY, ACROSS-STEREO BURST OF SCENE 7.

THE WORDS: *HAROLD: I'll never forget it, for as long as I live!*)

DOCTOR:

So I was your guest, thirty years ago?

HAROLD:

Don't know. Suppose you must've been.

DOCTOR:

But how old would that make me? Fifty? Do I look fifty to you? Tell me – Alice – what happened yesterday? What did I do?

ALICE:

What did you do?

HAROLD:

Can't you remember?

DOCTOR:

I'm asking a question. Please!

ALICE:

Well, I made you breakfast, boiled egg, cup of tea, two sugars, just as you like it.

DOCTOR:

And then?

ALICE:

Then you came downstairs, and we had a little chat, much like the one we're having now, come to think of it...

DOCTOR:

And after that? What did I do?

ALICE:

I don't know. You must've gone out, I suppose.

DOCTOR:

But you're not sure? Interesting. One other thing. Has anyone else arrived in Stockbridge? Recently, I mean. In the last couple of days.

ALICE:

Arrived?

DOCTOR:

Yes. A stranger in the village. Someone you haven't met before?

HAROLD:

We don't really get many strangers in this village, Doctor.

ALICE:

No. In fact, we don't get any.

DOCTOR:

No-one? No-one at all?

HAROLD:

No. At least, not –

DOCTOR:

... as far as you can remember. Yes. well, if you'll excuse me, I have to find someone.

(FX: DOOR OPENS TO THE OUTSIDE.)

ALICE:

Yes. Oh, I remember now! Yesterday.

DOCTOR:

What?

ALICE:

After you came down, after breakfast, we had a little chat... and then you left because you had to go and find someone, that was it.

DOCTOR:

Just like today?

ALICE:

Yes. Yes... exactly like today.

4: VILLAGE GREEN

(FX: FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL. GATE. FOOTSTEPS. BIRDSONG. DUCKS. CHURCH BELLS AND SINGING – 'THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY'.)

DOCTOR: (TO HIMSELF)

Stockbridge! The one place in the universe where nothing ever changes. The village green, St Justinian's church and the duck pond... all present and correct. J Grubb's General Store. The Green Dragon. The Redfern Inn. And beyond, Wells Wood and the rolling English countryside. Bright sunshine, clear blue skies and a gentle summer breeze. With nothing to break the tranquillity..

(FX: BICYCLE BELLS RUNG URGENTLY.)

JANE:

Excuse me! Out the way! Woah-aah!

(FX: BICYCLE BRAKES SUDDENLY. SKID. SPLASH. INDIGNANT DUCKS.)

DOCTOR:

(HAVING FALLEN) Ow!

JANE:

Doctor!

DOCTOR: (TO HIMSELF, ACHING)
And of course the young maid cycling to school...

JANE:
Are you alright? Let me help you.

DOCTOR:
I'm fine. One or two bruises, but I'll survive.

(FX: THE DOCTOR EXTRACTS HIMSELF FROM THE DUCK POND, DRIPPING WITH WATER. OVER THIS:)

JANE:
I'm sorry, I didn't see you, the sun was in my eyes, and the wall moved -

DOCTOR:
Don't mention it. Maybe you should get those brakes seen to, Miss - I'm sorry, would you mind telling me your name?

JANE:
My name?

DOCTOR:
I know, you already know me, I already know you, but for the sake of argument?

JANE:
Jane. Jane Potter.

(FX: A BRIEF, SPOOKY, PAN-ACROSS-STEREO BURST OF SCENE 47.
JANE: Leave me alone, I don't want to see you any more... Let go, you're hurting me...)

JANE:
(LAUGHS) Did you bang your head?

DOCTOR:
No. It's just... I'm not quite sure how I got here.

JANE:
In the duck pond?

DOCTOR:
No, in Stockbridge. No, don't tell me. I've been here for as long as you can remember.

JANE:
Well, yes!

DOCTOR:

Trouble is, I don't. Remember, that is. The last thing I remember is... it doesn't matter. You wouldn't happen to have seen a friend of mine? Young girl, about your age –

JANE:

Would that be Miss Nyssa, by any chance?

DOCTOR:

(DISCONCERTED) Yes, it would. Do you know her?

JANE:

Of course. I've known her for, well, for about as long as I can remember.

(FX: BICYCLE RIGHTED AND MOUNTED. BELL JANGLES.)

DOCTOR:

I should have guessed. Where is she?

JANE:

Probably the post office. That'd be the first place I'd look. Now, I'm sorry, but I've got to dash –

DOCTOR:

Yes, of course. I'll um... see you again, Jane.

JANE:

Hopefully next time I'll see you first! Bye bye, Doctor!

(FX: JANE CYCLES AWAY.)

DOCTOR:

Post office. Right...!

(FX: DOCTOR WALKS AWAY, DAMPLY. THEN A VOICE, CLOSE-BY...)

MAX:

(DELIGHTED) It can't be... it is! The enigmatic Doctor! So you've returned at last!

5. POST OFFICE

(FX: DOOR OPENS, CAUSING BELL TO JINGLE. FOOTSTEPS ENTER. DOOR CLOSES WITH A JINGLE)

DOCTOR:

Hello? Shop? It's the Doctor. I'm looking for –

(FX: INTERIOR DOOR OPENS.)

NYSSA:

Doctor!

DOCTOR:

Nyssa! There you are.

NYSSA:

What happened to you? It's not raining outside, so why are you (soaking) –

DOCTOR:

(EMBARRASSED) Don't ask. What about you?

NYSSA:

I'm fine. Fine. But I've been having a very strange morning.

DOCTOR:

You're not the only one.

NYSSA:

I woke up, in a room upstairs. None of my clothes were here, so I had to put on this... attire. And, when I came downstairs, people kept wandering in expecting me to sell them stamps!

DOCTOR:

(AMUSED) Did they?

NYSSA:

They seem to think I'm some sort of 'postmistress'.

DOCTOR:

Indeed. They seem to think I'm some sort of Doctor.

NYSSA:

Everyone was acting as though they already knew me. As if I'd been an inhabitant in this settlement for years.

DOCTOR:

But you haven't, have you? What's the last thing you remember?

NYSSA:

I was with you, the engines of the Rutan ship were 'fibrillating'. And then there was an explosion... and after that, nothing, until I woke up here.

DOCTOR:

Yes. The same for me.

NYSSA:

But what happened? I'm not a 'postmistress'!

DOCTOR:

No. It's as if someone has found roles for us. Trying to make us fit into the village..

NYSSA:

The village? Where are we?

DOCTOR:

Don't you recognise it? We've been here before.

(FX: DOOR OPENS WITH A BELL JANGLE, THEY MOVE OUTSIDE.)

NYSSA:

Stockbridge! It's just as it was, when I met Andrew. It hasn't changed a bit! Do you think he might still be here, somewhere?

DOCTOR:

Not sure. Depends on the year.

NYSSA:

And what year is it?

DOCTOR:

By the look of those cars, the double-glazing, I'd say... early twenty-first century?

NYSSA:

Very scientific!

DOCTOR:

Well, there's only one to be really sure – go to the same place everyone else goes if they want to find something out..

NYSSA:

Which is?

DOCTOR:

The local pub – The Redfern Inn. Come on, best foot forward...!

6. PUB

(FX: TIDYING UP – MOVING CHAIRS OFF TABLES, WIPING SURFACES.)

DUDLEY:

Andrew Harper? Doesn't ring any bells, I'm afraid.

NYSSA:

He used to live here a few years ago. Maybe he moved away?

DUDLEY:

Don't think so, love. Never been an Andrew Harper in Stockbridge.

NYSSA:

But he used to come here, I'm sure of it... you can't have forgotten him!

DUDLEY:

Not a name I know. Sorry, love.

DOCTOR:

Mister... er...

DUDLEY:

Dudley. Dudley Jackson.

(FX: ANOTHER SPOOKY BURST. FROM SCENE 24. *DUDLEY: It was an accident. One minute she was standing there, the next the edge just gave way –*)

DOCTOR:

You wouldn't be able to tell us what year it is, would you?

DUDLEY:

What year?

DOCTOR:

It's the oddest thing, but when I woke up this morning I didn't know what day it was.

DUDLEY:

Well, it's the fourth of August, two thousand and nine –

(FX: AS HE SAYS THIS, WE HEAR ECHOES OF HIM SAYING OTHER DATES:

DUDLEY: the ninth of June, nineteen sixty-four – / the twenty-first of August, nineteen eighty-one – / the eighteenth of July, nineteen fifty –)

DOCTOR:

And that's the year? You're sure?

DUDLEY:

As sure as I'm standing here, talking to you now.

DOCTOR:

Thank you, Mr... Jackson, you've been most helpful...

7: VILLAGE GREEN

(FX: PUB DOOR CLOSSES. DOCTOR AND NYSSA WALKING HURRIEDLY.)

NYSSA:

Doctor! When you asked him what year it is, he said –

DOCTOR:

Yes, Nyssa, I heard it too. Look around you, notice anything different?

NYSSA:

No, I –

DOCTOR:

The cars. That's a Morris Traveller. That's a Mini Cooper...

NYSSA:

So?

DOCTOR:

No double glazing. No satellite dishes. This isn't two thousand and nine.

NYSSA:

Then when – when is it?

DOCTOR:

The sixties? Seventies? Who can tell? (SEES SOMEONE) Hello!

JANE:

(CALLING OUT) Doctor Smith...! So you found Miss Nyssa, then?

DOCTOR:

Jane. You're looking different – and very... charming. I like your hat!

JANE:

Well, you've got to make a bit of an effort, haven't you? For a wedding.

DOCTOR:

A wedding?

JANE:

You must be coming, everyone in the village is invited!

DOCTOR:

Yes, of course. Wouldn't miss it for the world, would we, Nyssa? St Justinian's, is it?

JANE:

Of course. Should hurry, though, the service is at twelve..

NYSSA: (SOTTO)

Doctor. Her clothes... they're from a different time period.

DOCTOR: (SOTTO)

Indeed. I'm no expert, but nineteen-fifties, I'd say..

NYSSA: (SOTTO)

And something else. It can't be twelve o'clock yet – it's barely an hour since I woke up!

DOCTOR: (SOTTO)

Yes. I was wondering if you'd notice that. Not to mention the fact that my trousers still haven't dried –

NYSSA:

Jane, wasn't it?

JANE:

Yes?

(FX: A BRIEF SPOOKY BURST OF SCENE 24: *JANE: The problem went away. And I know I should feel sad about it, but I don't. I'm glad.*)

NYSSA:

It may seem an odd question, but what day is this?

JANE:

You're right. It is an odd question. Don't you know?

NYSSA:

I'm not sure of the exact date, is it the fourth, fifth...?

JANE:

It's the sixteenth. Of June. Nineteen fifty-two.

(FX: AS WITH DUDLEY, WE HEAR HER STATING OTHER DATES AS WELL.)

JANE: It's the eighth. Of July. Nineteen ninety-six / It's the thirtieth of August. Nineteen seventy / It's the twelfth of June. Ninety eighty-four.)

NYSSA:
Doctor... she –

DOCTOR:
I know. Something very strange is happening here... something to do with time.

(FX: CHURCH BELLS. A GATE IS OPENED. A CHEER. CHURCH DOOR.)

DOCTOR:
Speaking of which, I think we've missed the service – oh my. I don't believe it!

(FX: VILLAGERS EMERGING FROM CHURCH. LAUGHTER. CHURCH BELLS.)

NYSSA:
What is it?

DOCTOR:
The bride and groom.

NYSSA:
What about them? They seem perfectly ordinary to me –

DOCTOR:
It's Harold and Alice. From the Green Dragon.

NYSSA:
So?

DOCTOR:
I met them, earlier today. But they were in their fifties, they'd been married for thirty years...

NYSSA:
But that couple – they can't be more than twenty years old...

(FX: CROWD HUBBUB, CHATTING. HAROLD AND ALICE DON'T SOUND YOUNGER, BUT THERE MIGHT BE A SLIGHT TREATMENT ON THE VOCALS.)

HAROLD:
Ah, Doctor Smith, Miss Nyssa. Knew you'd make it in the end!

DOCTOR:
Congratulations, Harold. And Alice. Sorry about missing the, ah, happy occasion – you know how it is, unavoidably detained!

HAROLD:
The happiest man in all the world, she's made me, Doctor. I'll never forget it, for as long as I live!

ALICE:

Me neither. Gawd, I felt so nervous in there, all those eyes staring at me, I thought I was going to be sick, but now it's done, I don't feel so bad after all.

HAROLD:

I should hope not!

ALICE:

No, I mean... oh, you know what I mean. Mister Withers.

HAROLD:

Mrs Withers.

NYSSA:

(WARNING) Doctor –

DOCTOR:

Yes, Nyssa, what?

NYSSA:

The other side of the village.

DOCTOR:

What? I expect somebody's having a bonfire, that's all. A bit antisocial for midsummer, perhaps, but nothing to – oh no. That's no bonfire...

DUDLEY:

That's the school. The village school... it's on fire!

(FX: WE SUDDENLY WHOOSH! INTO A FLASHBACK, 'LOST'-STYLE.)

THIS IS COMBINED WITH A CACOPHONY OF VOICES, NOISES FROM OTHER SCENES. IT'S AS IF THE LISTENER IS BEING WRENCHED THROUGH TIME.)

8: SCHOOL

(FX: THE SCHOOL IS BURNING. THERE'S COUGHING. SCREAMING, CRYING.)

HAROLD:
Anyone in there?

JANE:
I don't know, I –

HAROLD:
You're the schoolmistress. Is there anyone in there?

JANE:
There shouldn't be, I keep it locked up. Someone must've broken in... Dudley, what are you doing?

DUDLEY:
There's a boy in there! I saw him. At the window, waving he was.

JANE:
You can't go in there – you'll get killed.

DUDLEY:
Yeah but, you know me, I'm a coward, right?

(FX: CRASH OF DOORS. WHOOSH OF FLAME. SCREAMS AND COMMOTION.)

JANE:
Dudley! Come back – I...

ALICE:
What's got into him?

JANE:
He says he saw someone in there. A boy...

ALICE:
Harold. Where's our Philip?

HAROLD:
I don't know, I thought he was out playing with his friends – cowboys and indians, he was wearing his cowboy hat, last I saw.

ALICE:
I told you to keep an eye on him! I told you!

HAROLD:
He's probably just hiding, playing a game –

(FX: DOORS SPLINTERING.)

JANE:

Dudley – are you alright – !

DUDLEY:

(COUGHING) Somebody, get the Doctor. Get the Doctor...

ALICE:

Oh no. It's our Philip. Philip!

HAROLD:

Phil boy, speak to your dad – ah, Doctor Smith! You're here!

DOCTOR:

Okay, everyone, stand back, please, we need some air.

DUDLEY:

He was like this when I found him, Doctor – just lying there –

NYSSA:

Doctor, what –

DOCTOR:

I'm doing my best, Nyssa. Come on... come on... breathe for me, breathe!

(FX: THE DOCTOR PERFORMS RESUSCITATION – THUMPING BOY'S CHEST, BLOWING INTO HIS MOUTH, LISTENING FOR HEARTBEAT, THEN REPEATING – I.E. 'ONE, TWO' – BLOWS, LISTENS, 'ONE, TWO' – BLOWS, LISTENS.)

HAROLD:

Come on, Philip – stay with us, lad –

ALICE:

He must've been playing, cowboys and indians.

DOCTOR: (BREATHLESS)

(GIVING UP) No. It's no good. I'm sorry. I'm very sorry, but he's – (dead)

(FX: WE WHOOSH! OUT OF FLASHBACK – VERY LOUD, SUDDEN, MID-WORD, WITH THE SAME FEW SECONDS OF MIXED-UP VILLAGERS' VOICES, TO:)

9: CHURCHYARD

(FX: CHURCH BELLS TOLLING. FUNEREAAL ATMOSPHERE. THE FOLLOWING DIALOGUE FADES AS WE MOVE AWAY WITH THE DOCTOR AND NYSSA:

VICAR: (IN BACKGROUND ONLY)

Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of his great mercy to take unto himself the soul of our dear brother here departed, we therefore commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ –

(FX: DOCTOR AND NYSSA TALK OVER THS, WALKING FROM THE SERVICE.)

NYSSA: (SOTTO)

Doctor – did you –

DOCTOR:

The fire at the village school? Yes.

NYSSA:

It's as if we were really there. A part of events.

DOCTOR:

I think we were really there.

NYSSA:

I don't understand.

DOCTOR:

This funeral, Nyssa... who's it for?

NYSSA:

For the young boy, Philip. His parents, Harold and Alice were standing by the grave... (REALISATION) Where's Harold? He was here.

DOCTOR:

It's his funeral.

NYSSA:

But a few minutes ago... it was his wedding day!

DOCTOR:

'A day in the life'...? Look again now.

NYSSA:

I don't see... They've gone. Everyone's gone! The grave, it's been filled in!

(FX: A CHURCH BELL TOLLS. ROOKS CAW. THE VICAR HAS ALSO GONE.)

DOCTOR:
Come on. There's something I want to check.

NYSSA:
What?

DOCTOR:
The gravestone. I thought so. Read the inscription.

NYSSA:
(READS) 'In memory of... Harold Withers, Alice Withers and their loving son Philip.'

DOCTOR:
And that one.

NYSSA:
'Here lies... Jane Potter.' 'Dudley Jackson.' They're dead, Doctor. They're all dead!

DOCTOR:
Anything else strike you as odd?

NYSSA:
I'm not familiar with this planet's burial traditions, Doctor –

DOCTOR:
No dates. None of the gravestones have dates!

NYSSA:
What does that mean?

DOCTOR:
Well, either the stonemason was particularly careless, or it means... all these people have died but nobody knows when.

NYSSA:
Doctor. Was that there before?

DOCTOR:
What?

NYSSA:
On the corner of the village green...

DOCTOR:
The TARDIS! Now we'll start getting some answers – !

10: VILLAGE GREEN

(FX: WE'RE NEAR THE DUCKPOND AGAIN. A BREEZE IS BLOWING.)

NYSSA:

Do you have the key? (SHIVERS) Is it me, or is it getting cold, all of a sudden?

DOCTOR:

Should have it somewhere... (SURPRISE) Hello. It's not locked.

(FX: AS HE SAYS THIS, THE DOOR CREAKS OPEN.)

NYSSA:

The console room... where is it? This is just...

DOCTOR:

...the inside of an ordinary Police Telephone Box! One desk, one stool, one electric heater. And one telephone, of course.

NYSSA:

What could have done this to the TARDIS?

DOCTOR:

We can't be sure this is the TARDIS. For all we know, it might be the genuine article...

(FX: THE DOCTOR TRIES TELEPHONE. RATTLES RECEIVER. DIAL TONE.)

NYSSA:

Don't tell me - there's no connection.

DOCTOR:

No. There is. Hmm, now let's see -

(FX: DIALS. IT'S AN OLD-FASHIONED ROTARY DIAL - CLICK CLIIICK CLIIICK. 100.)

DOCTOR:

It's ringing.

(FX: IT RINGS. ONCE, TWICE. A DISTANT VOICE ANSWERS, DISTORTED:)

VOICE: (VIA PHONE)

Hello?

DOCTOR:

Ah. I wonder if you can help me. I'd like to be put through -

VOICE:

It's me.

DOCTOR:
Sorry, what?

VOICE:
It's me. The voice at the other end of the phone. It's me!

DOCTOR:
Yes, I realise that but... wait. I recognise that voice!

VOICE:
It's happening just as before. Time is winding back on itself –

DOCTOR:
Winding back on itself?

(FX: THE PERSON AT THE OTHER END HANGS UP.)

NYSSA:
Doctor, what is it? Who did you speak to?

DOCTOR:
Who indeed... I'm afraid they weren't terribly (helpful) –

(FX: THE DOCTOR IS INTERRUPTED BY THE PHONE RINGING. ONCE, TWICE.)

NYSSA:
Don't answer it.

DOCTOR:
I don't think I have any choice...

(FX: HE PICKS UP THE PHONE.)

DOCTOR:
Hello?

(FX: AND WE HAVE THE SECOND HALF OF THE PREVIOUS CONVERSATION...)

VOICE: (VIA PHONE)
Ah. I wonder if you can help me. I'd like to be put through –

DOCTOR:
(REALISING) It's me.

VOICE:
Sorry, what?

NYSSA:
Who is it?

DOCTOR:

It's me. The voice at the other end of the phone. It's me!

VOICE:

Yes, I realise that but... wait. I recognise that voice!

DOCTOR:

It's happening just as before. Time is winding back on itself.

VOICE:

Winding back on itself?

(FX: THE DOCTOR HANGS UP. THEY EMERGE FROM THE POLICE BOX.)

DOCTOR:

Somebody doesn't want us calling the outside world.

NYSSA:

Who?

DOCTOR:

I don't know. But it's something to do with this place, the village...

NYSSA:

Doctor, should the sun be setting dark so soon? The clouds, it's as if they're on fire –

DOCTOR:

Beautiful, isn't it? But you're right. Time's moving too quickly...

NYSSA:

Like the couple we saw, getting married and being buried on the same day...

DOCTOR:

Yes. The villagers seem to be a part this... they might not even be aware there's anything amiss...

MAX:

Oh no, Doctor. I think you'll find we're all-too aware!

(FX: MAX IS NEARBY. DOCTOR AND NYSSA REACT.)

DOCTOR:

Good grief, has no-one ever told – Max! Maxwell Edison! What are you doing here?

MAX:

I've been observing you, following you, photographing you. Ever since you arrived!

DOCTOR:

Hence the, ah, binoculars – and camera with telephoto lens. Why didn't you say hello?

MAX:

I had to make sure it was you. In my experience, you can never be too sure. Strange forces have been afoot in Stockbridge, Doctor. Strange and... mysterious forces.

DOCTOR:

(PISS-TAKING) Strange and mysterious?

NYSSA:

Doctor, do you know this... person?

DOCTOR:

I do. Nyssa, meet Max. A blast from my past – or possibly from my future. (ASIDE) He's what you might call a flying saucer nut. In the, ah, nicest possible way!

NYSSA:

(UNCONVINCED) I see.

DOCTOR:

He stumbled into the TARDIS once... The night that stars fell on Stockbridge...

(FX: A FLASHBACK. A NOSTALGIC WALK-DOWN-MEMORY-LANE EFFECT.)

11. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM

(FX: THE TARDIS DOORS ARE CLOSING AS SOMEONE STAGGERS IN.)

MAX:

Oh! My! Good! Ness!

DOCTOR:

Ah... I wouldn't touch that if I were you...

MAX:

(COUGHS) Er... Welcome, my friend – welcome to Earth! I am Earth ambassador Edison, and I take great pleasure in –

DOCTOR:

What are you doing here?

MAX:

I tracked your craft to Earth with my 'bio-kinetic energising ray'...

(FX: WE LEAVE THE FLASHBACK MOMENTARILY.)

NYSSA: (SOTTO)
(INCREDULOUS) A bio-kinetic energising ray?

DOCTOR: (SOTTO)
Yes. Well, it was just an empty box with a few loose wires... but it turned out he really had detected an alien spacecraft...

(FX: TAKING US TO ANOTHER FLASHBACK:)

12. ALIEN SPACESHIP

(FX: IT'S AN ECHOEY, CLANGY, SINISTER PLACE.)

MAX:
Doctor... I can sense a presence here... I'm v-very sensitive to these things! It speaks to me of emptiness – a vast, aching emptiness! And lonely! So v-v-very lonely!

(FX: TO ANOTHER FLASHBACK:)

13. ALIEN SPACESHIP

(FX: A DESPERATE SCREAM. RUNNING DOWN ECHOEY METAL CORRIDORS.)

MAX:
It wasn't me. Not me. It was the thing! The thing in the dark. I didn't call out, it wasn't my voice. It wasn't my voice!

14. WOODLAND AT NIGHT

(FX: NIGHTGALES, CUCKOOS. WIND RUSTLING IN TREES.)

MAX:
Is this goodbye, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
For a while, Max... though I daresay we'll bump into each other before long...

15. VILLAGE GREEN

DOCTOR:

Maxwell Edison! You haven't been blundering into any more UFO's, have you?

MAX:

Not so many, no. But still on the look-out! Keeping the old eyes peeled for another visitation from Venus! Just in case! All in a day's work for planet Earth's first line of defence!

NYSSA: (SOTTO)

Doctor, are you sure he's quite (sane)-

DOCTOR: (SOTTO)

The thing is, Nyssa, he does actually seem to possess some genuine extra-sensory ability - a sixth sense -

MAX:

Doctor, who's your, er, ah, young friend -

DOCTOR:

Max. This is Nyssa.

MAX:

Ah-ha! Honoured to make your acquaintance! Are you from Venus too?

DOCTOR:

I think you'll find that neither of us is.

MAX:

Oh. Righty-ho! Wires crossed, as usual!

NYSSA:

The Doctor says you're interested in... flying saucers?

MAX:

Oh yes! Expert in all things paranormal, supernatural and extra-terrestrial! Basically, if it's anything to do with the unknown, I know all there is to know about it. That's why you're here, to investigate all these phenomena we've been having, am I right?

DOCTOR:

Something like that. Tell me, how long have these phenomena been occurring?

MAX:

Hard to say. Sometimes it feels like centuries, sometimes like it's only just started. It's like... the same day. But with all the stuff that's happened in the past sixty years.

NYSSA:

All the births and deaths?

MAX:

Exactly! Everything! All sort-of jumbled up. You've seen it – the fire at the school, that was twenty years ago, while Harold from the Green Dragon, his funeral was only last year. Hang on – I've got it all written down in my notebook... it's in one of my anorak pockets, somewhere – just a mo –

DOCTOR:

And it's always the same?

MAX:

What? Oh yes. Always. The same day of late summer. It's like those perfect summers you remember, from when you was a kid, when every day was clear blue... and your mum would be yelling at you to stop reading that book and go and get some fresh air.

NYSSA:

But this summer really is going on forever?

MAX:

Yeah. Autumn never comes.

DOCTOR:

(MUSING) 'Thy eternal summer shall not fade'...

(FX: AS THE DOCTOR SAYS THIS, WE GET A SPOOKY, ACROSS STEREO-BURST OF HIM AND NYSSA – AS THE LORD AND LADY – RECITING THE NEXT FEW LINES OF THE POEM – NOT IN SYNCH, BUT OVERLAPPING. *Thy eternal summer shall not fade, nor lose possession of that fair thou owest, nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade, when in eternal lines to time thou growest.*)

DOCTOR:

So Stockbridge really is the village where nothing ever changes.

MAX:

Apart from the ghosts in Wells Wood. They're new.

DOCTOR:

Ghosts? What ghosts?

16. PUB

(FX: A NORMAL EVENING. DRINKING, CLINKING, MUSIC AND LAUGHTER. IN BACKGROUND, A DARTS MATCH IS TAKING PLACE. LIKE 'THE ARCHERS'!)

DUDLEY:

Y'aright, Harold – what'll it be? The usual?

HAROLD:

Pint of best for me, and Alice – ?

ALICE:

White wine. Something to cool me down!

DUDLEY:

Been a right scorcher today, hasn't it? There you go..

HAROLD: (DRINKS)

Oh, I needed that. Eh, you'll never guess what that –

(FX: SUDDENLY THE CHATTERING, MUSIC AND LAUGHTER STOPS AND EVERYONE TALKING FLATLY, BUT WITH AN EERIE VOICE EFFECT.)

HAROLD:

The new arrivals are not conforming to their pre-ordained roles.

ALICE:

They will co-operate – when they realise there is no alternative.

HAROLD:

They cannot be permitted to interfere with the established pattern of events.

DUDLEY:

The Lord and Lady of the Manor will know what to do. They must be consulted.

17. WOODLAND AT NIGHT

(FX: DOCTOR, NYSSA AND MAX CREEPING THROUGH CRACKING BUSHES.)

DOCTOR:

And these ghosts have only started appearing recently, you say?

MAX:

That's right. Not far now. I spotted them a few weeks ago, I think. Or days. Anyway, I had this feeling – a sort of ominous prickling, like you get before a thunderstorm – and I observed these mysterious lights coming from Wells Wood. So I, er, investigated!

NYSSA:

And what were these 'ghosts' like?

MAX:

You'll see for yourself. They always turn up, the same place, the same time.

DOCTOR:

That's very... considerate of them. The dead aren't usually known for their punctuality.

MAX:

This is it. There should be a spectral manifestation any time now. (BEAT) Ish.

NYSSA:

Doctor, this is ridiculous. The man is clearly (deranged)... oh my –

(FX: WE HEAR THE SOUND OF THE GHOSTS MATERIALIZING OUT OF THIN AIR. ALL IS STILL SAVE FOR BREATHING, AS THOUGH THROUGH A GAS MASK.)

DOCTOR:

Your ghosts, Max?

NYSSA:

But... but they're wearing spacesuits!

MAX:

I know! Creepy, eh?

NYSSA:

Ghosts... in spacesuits!

DOCTOR:

(CURIOUS) Environmental protection suits of some kind, yes.

MAX:

Lumme... There's more, this time... usually there's only two or three.

NYSSA:

Doctor, they're getting closer. I think they can see us!

(FX: GAS MASK BREATHING GETTING LOUDER, FROM ALL DIRECTIONS.)

DOCTOR:

Don't worry, Nyssa. Ghosts can't hurt you. But, just to be on the safe side, probably best to keep out of their way –

MAX:

Strange. They've never manifested themselves this solidly before...

NYSSA:

Doctor, I think... they're trying to communicate –

DOCTOR:

Nyssa, keep back.

NYSSA:

I can see... there's someone inside the space suit! I can make out their face...

(FX: GAS MASK BREATHING VERY LOUD, VERY CLOSE.)

DOCTOR:

Nyssa, watch out – don't let it touch you –

(FX: NYSSA GIVES A SUDDEN ABRUPT SCREAM WHICH DISTORTS, ECHOES, AND FADES AWAY. THE GAS MASK BREATHING ALSO CUTS OUT ABRUPTLY.)

MAX:

Oh cripes! They've gone. They've all gone!

DOCTOR:

And they've taken Nyssa with them.

END OF PART ONE CLIFFHANGER

PART TWO

18. WOODLAND AT NIGHT

(FX REPRISE:)

NYSSA:

Doctor, I think... they're trying to communicate –

DOCTOR:

Nyssa, keep back.

NYSSA:

I can see... there's someone inside the space suit! I can make out their face...

DOCTOR:

Nyssa, watch out – don't let it touch you –

(FX: NYSSA GIVES A SUDDEN ABRUPT SCREAM WHICH DISTORTS, ECHOES, AND FADES AWAY. THE GAS MASK BREATHING ALSO CUTS OUT ABRUPTLY.)

MAX:

Oh cripes! They've gone. They've all gone.

DOCTOR:

And they've taken Nyssa with them.

19. PUB.

(FX: EVERYONE IS STILL TALKING FLATLY, WITH THE EERIE EFFECT ON THE VOICES. DUDLEY IS SPEAKING ON A TELEPHONE)

DUDLEY:

I understand, your Ladyship. (HANGS UP. ALOUD TO THE VILLAGERS:) The Lord and Lady confirm – the new arrival, the girl, Nyssa, has left the village.

HAROLD:

Left the village? But (how) –

DUDLEY:

The integrity of the boundaries is weakening. The temporal intruders must have found a structural vulnerability. Broken through.

ALICE:

She must return. She is part of the enduring pattern.

HAROLD:

But if she does not? What then, for us?

ALICE:

She will. She has no choice. She cannot escape her destiny.

DUDLEY:

The Lord and Lady desire that the Doctor be made to understand what is at stake. That his actions threaten the continued existence of everyone in the village.

HAROLD:

And if he still does not wish to 'co-operate'?

DUDLEY:

He has no choice. The alternative is his own death.

(FX: AND SUDDENLY WE RETURN TO NORMAL LIFE IN THE BAR, WITH THE MUSIC, LAUGHTER AND DARTS MATCH CONTINUING AS BEFORE)

DUDLEY:

There you go...

HAROLD: (DRINKS)

Oh, I needed that. Eh, you'll never guess what that idiot Edison's gone and done now.

DUDLEY:

No, what?

ALICE:

We saw him, last night. Out on his motorbike again...

(FX: FADE OUT DURING THE TWO ABOVE LINES)

20. WOODLAND AT NIGHT.

(FX: DOCTOR AND MAX WALKING ON LEAVES, TWIGS, RUSTLING, OWLS.)

DOCTOR:

Nothing like this has ever happened before, Max?

MAX:

Never. I never got that close before. And they never hung around long enough!

DOCTOR:

And you have absolutely no idea where the ghosts came from?

MAX:

Nope, none at all. Except, you know, 'from beyond the grave'!

DOCTOR:

Hmmm. Those suits they were wearing... environmental hazard suits. The technology wasn't that far developed. Earth, human, early twenty-first century at the latest.

MAX:

Crikey – you mean, they're from now? (BEAT) Aren't ghosts normally from the past?

DOCTOR:

The word 'normally' isn't really applicable where ghosts are concerned, Max.

MAX:

Point taken.

DOCTOR:

Besides, I'm not sure they were ghosts. Psychic projections of some kind, yes, but they were reacting to their surroundings. They deliberately moved towards Nyssa.

MAX:

So these, um, 'psychic projections'... where do you think they've taken her?

DOCTOR:

I don't know...

MAX:

Or do you think she's just snuffed it?

DOCTOR:

Max, if you can't say anything helpful!

MAX:

I mean, we don't know, they could've just (zapped)... (REALISES)
Put a cork in it. Right. Understood. Say no more. Hint taken.
Fair enough.

(FX: DAWN CHORUS BEGINS. COCK CROWS. DOGS BARK IN DISTANCE.)

DOCTOR:

Hello... The dawn chorus, if I'm not much mistaken. Nights don't
last very long around here, do they? That can't have been more
than an hour at the most...

MAX:

So where now? Back to the Green Dragon for a slap-up grill?

DOCTOR:

No. No, I think... as far away from Stockbridge as possible!

21. OPEN COUNTRYSIDE

(FX: DOCTOR AND MAX. BREATHLESS, TRUDGING UPHILL.)

DOCTOR:

Come on, Max. Nearly at the top!

MAX:

Oh, crumbs... Some of us aren't as young as we used to be,
Doctor! And I've never been what you might call a cross-country
person. I don't have the knees.

DOCTOR:

Nonsense, Max. Fresh air, exercise, do you the world of good!
There should be quite a view...

MAX:

(MUTTERING) It's pointless, though. You won't get anywhere...

(FX: THEY REACH THE CREST OF THE HILL)

DOCTOR:

We'll see about that! (DEEP BREATHES) Now. Sunrise to the
southeast, so that makes that... due North. So the next village
across the valley must be...?

MAX:

Hang on, let me get my breath back... Right. (BEAT) Ash Norton.
That's the next village. But, Doctor, if you'd only listen to
me, you're wasting your time -

DOCTOR:

(INTERRUPTING) Can't be more than a couple of miles away as the crow flies.

MAX:

Oh, don't mind me, you carry on. I'll wait for you back at the village – you'll see...

DOCTOR:

Downhill all the way! Just along the lane, cut through those trees and (we'll) –

(FX: SUDDEN WHOOSH CUT TO:)

22. VILLAGE GREEN

(FX: TEN MINUTES LATER. DUCKS. CHURCH BELLS. WALKING.)

DOCTOR:

– Stockbridge. The village green.

MAX:

You can't leave. I did warn you.

DOCTOR:

But I can't have got lost, I have an unerring sense of direction. I walked due North, kept on walking in a straight line... only to end up precisely back where I started!

MAX:

It's the same, whatever direction you go. I've tried it.

DOCTOR:

You have?

MAX:

You go out of Stockbridge one way, you'll end up going straight back in the other.

DOCTOR:

But we could see the next village.

MAX:

It's like there's a circle you can't cross, with the green at the centre. I've measured it and everything. I've even fashioned a rudimentary map, if you fancy a look –

DOCTOR:

So... an illusion. Reminds me of a town I once visited. But that was entirely artificial, a space-time-trap brought into existence by a madman...

MAX:

What, Milton Keynes?

DOCTOR:

(IGNORING THAT) This is different, though. It's not only the spatial dimensions which are affected. It's as if... it's as if we're enclosed within a four-dimensional sphere. Yes! A time bubble!

MAX:

A bubble?

DOCTOR:

With no edges. No corners. And unfortunately for us, no visible exits!

MAX:

Then Nyssa...?

DOCTOR:

Outside the bubble? Fingers crossed, eh?

(FX: A PUB DOOR OPENS. THEY'RE MET.)

DUDLEY:

Morning, Doctor Smith, Maxwell. Doing your rounds?

DOCTOR:

What? Yes. Just, ah, doing the same things I do every day, you know how it is.

DUDLEY:

You might want to look in on old John at the General Store. He's been laid up, oh, for about as long as I can remember.

DOCTOR:

Old John? I'll do that.

DUDLEY:

Be a shame if he couldn't make the celebration.

DOCTOR:

Yes, yes, it would. (BEAT) Sorry? Celebration?

DUDLEY:

You do wander around in a daydream, don't you, Doctor? Mind on higher things, no doubt. Haven't you noticed the bunting? The flags? The maypole over on the green?

(FX: SPOOKY MUSICAL EFFECT – THINGS HAVE MYSTERIOUSLY CHANGED.)

DOCTOR:

Yes. You know, I could've sworn that wasn't there a moment ago. And all the bunting and flags are in honour of what, exactly?

DUDLEY:

Oh come on, isn't it obvious?

DOCTOR:

Well, I imagine it's to commemorate some anniversary or other –

DUDLEY:

It's the Coronation!

(FX: AS BEFORE, WE HEAR ECHOES OF OTHER TIMES:

DUDLEY: ...It's the Silver Jubilee / ...It's the Royal Wedding /...It's Victory in Europe.)

DOCTOR:

Of course. It's the... event which you just described, Mr Jackson...

MAX:

(SOTTO) Like I told you, Doctor. All jumbled-up and happening at once!

DUDLEY:

It'll be a day to remember and no mistake. The whole village'll be turning out, there'll be a coconut shy, egg and spoon race, welly-throwing, (and) –

(FX: WE SUDDENLY WHOOSH! INTO A FLASHBACK.)

23. RIVERSIDE

(FX: TWENTY YEARS EARLIER. DUDLEY AND JANE LAUGHING. SPLASHING. JANE IS ALREADY IN THE WATER; DUDLEY ON THE BRIDGE OVER IT)

JANE:

Come on, jump! Water's lovely.

DUDLEY:

The bridge isn't safe, I'm not doing it –

JANE:

Oh, what are you? (MOCKING) Coward! Come on, Dudley! Jump!

DUDLEY:

Don't call me a coward. (JUMPS)

(FX: SPLASH! AND WHOOSH FORWARD TO:)

24. RIVERSIDE

(FX: TEN MINUTES LATER. DUDLEY AND JANE. TRANQUIL MOOD.)

JANE:

I love it here. So peaceful. Beautiful, like... a picture postcard. I tried painting it once. Watercolours. 'The river Stock and the old bridge' – well, what's left of it.

DUDLEY:

Dates back to medieval, apparently. They named the village after it. You should have another go, I've seen your stuff. You're not bad.

JANE:

All just crumbling away, overgrown with moss. Makes you feel so... there's something comforting about ruins, don't you think? Romantic. Everything going back to nature.

DUDLEY:

We should get married.

JANE:

What?

DUDLEY:

After what you told me, last night, about –

JANE:

Our little problem?

DUDLEY:

I've thought about it. It's not a problem – if we get married. I mean, I love you, you love me. We'd probably have got married anyway, sooner or later, so, why not get it out of the way?

JANE:

Is this you proposing?

DUDLEY:

What do you want, rings and violins? I'm asking. Yes.

JANE:

You could at least give me a rose.

DUDLEY:

Would a wild primrose do? So what do you say? How about it?

JANE:

You make it sound like you've already decided for me.

(FX: TWO OTHER PEOPLE ARE IN THE SCENE)

MAX:

You see, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

I think so, Max. We're experiencing his memories. Some sort of psychic flashback...

MAX:

No. This is his actual past... but happening here and now. (BEAT) Keep watching, they'll be back any second...

DOCTOR:

Their clothes are different –

MAX:

Well, it is two weeks later...

(FX: SAME LOCATION AS BEFORE)

JANE:

You haven't told them? You haven't?

DUDLEY:

They were pleased. Excited. I didn't know it was supposed to be a secret.

JANE:

The last thing I want is your parents (steaming in) –

DUDLEY:

I'm sorry. God!

JANE:

So here we are, back where we started...(BEAT) You know our little problem?

DUDLEY:

What?

JANE:

(SWALLOWS, NERVOUS) It went away. The problem went away.

DUDLEY:

(PLEASED) You mean, you're (not) –

JANE:

And I know I should feel sad about it, but I don't. I'm glad.

DUDLEY:

Glad?

JANE:

I'm sorry, Dudley. I don't want to marry a man whose life's ambition is to work in a pub for his father. I don't want to spend the rest of my life here with you – or with anybody.

DUDLEY:

What's wrong with it?

JANE:

It's not new. I want to see new things. Meet new people. Not be stuck with the same people I grew up with, day-in, day-out, forever and ever, till death us do part, amen.

DUDLEY:

(GRABBING HER) So that's it? That's – Jane!

JANE:

Dudley, I'm- (SHE STUMBLES ON THE CRUMBLING THE EDGE OF THE BRIDGE) Aaaaaah!

(FX: JANE SCREAMS, FALLS. WHOOSH FORWARD TO FIVE MINUTES LATER. DRAGGING. GASPING. DUDLEY'S DRAGGED JANE'S BODY FROM THE RIVER.)

DUDLEY:

Doctor Smith! Thank God you're here, you've got to help us –

DOCTOR:

What – what happened?

DUDLEY:

Down here, in the river – it's Jane.

DOCTOR:

Jane? Oh no...

(FX: DOCTOR CLAMBERING DOWN RIVERBANK, SPLASHING INTO RIVER.)

DUDLEY:

She slipped. We were standing on the bridge, talking and she just... slipped.

DOCTOR:

She's dead. She must've hit her head on a rock. It would have happened instantly.

DUDLEY:

No, no. She's knocked out, that's all. She's just sleeping. Jane, wake up. Jane...!

DOCTOR:

What were you doing up there, anyway? You should realise the old bridge isn't (safe)

DUDLEY:

It was an accident. One minute she was standing there, the next the edge just gave way –

(FX: AND WHOOSH OUT OF FLASHBACK...)

25. VILLAGE GREEN

(FX: BACK WHERE WE STARTED. CELEBRATION NOW IN SWING. CHATTER. LAUGHTER. MUSIC – A GRAMOPHONE OR RADIO. CHILDREN PLAYING.)

DUDLEY:

So what'll it be, Doctor? We have orange juice, lemonade or ginger beer?

DOCTOR:

(DISORIENTATED) What... er, ginger beer.

MAX:

And for me, the same.

DUDLEY:

Saddest day of my life, that was. Tch, as clear now as if it was yesterday.

DOCTOR:

(SYMPATHETICALLY) Yes, I'm very sorry...

DUDLEY:

Though, of course, it was yesterday. And today.

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry, what?

DUDLEY:

My Jane. She dies, the same way, every day in Stockbridge.

DOCTOR:

And you're conscious of it? You experienced the flashback too?

DUDLEY:

Of course. I must've gone through that day a hundred times, a thousand times, ten thousand... more times than I care to remember.

DOCTOR:

And it's always the same?

DUDLEY:

And breaks my heart the same, too. It was... it was like, that day, I lost a whole life that might've been. That's this place for you. (BEAT) There you go. One ginger beer.

(FX: DRINKS UNCORKED)

MAX:

It's the same for everyone, Doctor. It's like that film, Groundhog Day. Oh, I loved that film, must've seen it a hundred times. Which is a bit ironic, come to think about it.

DOCTOR:

Yes, thank you Max... So, you mean to say, Dudley, you live through the events of the same day, the day that Jane died, over and over again?

DUDLEY:

Not just that day, Doctor. Every day. We have our whole lives over again, every time the sun comes up. Every joy, every heartbreak. Every love, every loss...

(FX: THERE'S COMMOTION. SHOUTS.)

ALICE:

The village school. The village school – it's on fire!

DOCTOR:

Oh no, not again...

(FX: WHOOSHING US TO:)

26. SCHOOL.

(FX: TO BEGIN WITH, REPEAT SCENE 8.)

HAROLD:
Anyone in there?

JANE:
I don't know, I-

HAROLD:
You're the schoolmistress. Is there anyone in there?

JANE:
There shouldn't be, I keep it locked up, always. Someone must've broken in... Dudley, what (are) -

DOCTOR:
Sorry to interrupt but... but shouldn't you be dead?

JANE:
I know, I know, I fell off the old bridge to my death. But I'm alive again now.

DOCTOR:
Right. I see. No I don't. Never mind. Out of my way - !

(FX: IN BACKGROUND, WHILE PREVIOUS TWO LINES ARE SAID:)

DUDLEY:
There's a boy in there! I saw him. At the window, waving he was.

JANE:
You can't go in there - you'll get killed.

DUDLEY:
Yeah but, you know me, I'm a coward, right?

DOCTOR:
Wait. Dudley. I'm going with you. Two of us might make a difference!

DUDLEY:
Whatever you say, Doctor -

(FX: CRASH OF DOORS. WHOOSH OF FLAME. SCREAMS AND COMMOTION. WE'RE INSIDE THE BURNING, CRACKLING BUILDING THIS TIME.)

DOCTOR: (COUGHING)
Where is he? You must remember?

DUDLEY: (COUGHING)

Over there. By the window. Same place he always is.

DOCTOR:

(HEAVES HIM UP) I've got him. He's breathing. Yes! He still has a chance! Come on. Outside! Before this whole (place) –

DUDLEY:

Watch out, the roof's coming down – !

(FX: CREAKING. CRASHING. FIRE.)

DOCTOR:

Keep against the wall, flat against it. Now edge, towards me. That's it. Now, run!

(FX: THEY EMERGE, COUGHING FROM THE SCHOOL AS IT BURNS.)

JANE:

Dudley – are you alright – !

DUDLEY:

The Doctor, he –

ALICE:

Oh no. It's our Philip. Philip!

HAROLD:

Phil boy, speak to your dad – ah, Doctor Smith, you're here!

DOCTOR:

Okay, everyone, stand back, please, we need some air. (SOTTO) Come on... come on! It has to be possible to break the pattern... just this once, somebody lives...

(FX: DOCTOR PERFORMING KISS OF LIFE, RESUSCITATION AS BEFORE.)

HAROLD:

Come on, Philip – stay with us, my lad –

ALICE:

He must've been playing cowboys and indians.

DOCTOR:

(GIVES UP) No. It's no good. It's just like before. He's –
(dead)

(FX: WE WHOOSH! OUT OF FLASHBACK)

27. VILLAGE GREEN

(FX: CELEBRATIONS CONTINUE IN BACKGROUND. A BURST OF LAUGHTER.)

DUDLEY:

Always the same. I'm too late to save him and Philip Withers never wakes up...

DOCTOR:

You mean... you can't do things differently?

(FX: A PHONE RINGS IN THE BACKGROUND. MUFFLED.)

MAX:

(TRYING TO GET HIS ATTENTION) Doctor...

DUDLEY:

It doesn't work like that. Wish it did. Hello... looks like they've started the egg and spoon race. Between you and me, I've got a fiver on the Baxter boy.

(FX: WE HEAR THE RACE HAPPENING IN BACKGROUND. CHEERS)

DOCTOR:

And you just put up with this?

MAX:

Doctor...!

DUDLEY:

(ENCOURAGING) Come on! (TO DOCTOR) Eh? What? What choice do we have?

DOCTOR:

You always have a choice!

MAX:

Doctor!

DOCTOR:

(RESPONDING TO MAX) Max, what?

MAX:

The phone, in the Police Box, on the village green. It's ringing!

28. POLICE BOX

(FX: DOORS FLUNG OPEN. RINGING LOUDER. RECEIVER PICKED UP. THE VOICE AT THE OTHER END IS DISTANT. IT'S NYSSA FROM SCENE 55.)

DOCTOR:
Hello?

NYSSA: (VIA PHONE)
Doctor. Can you hear me?

DOCTOR:
Nyssa?

NYSSA:
Can you hear me?

DOCTOR:
Yes, I can hear you.

NYSSA:
If you can hear me... go to the woods tonight. Where I was taken. I'm coming back for you. I'll show you the way through. Go to the woods, tonight - (SCREAMS)

(FX: DIAL TONE. DOCTOR JIGGLES RECEIVER CONNECTION.)

DOCTOR:
Nyssa! Nyssa!

(FX: IT'S THE DOCTOR'S OWN VOICE, DISTORTED, PLAYING BACK AT HIM.)

DOCTOR:
Nyssa! Nyssa!

(FX: THE DOCTOR HANGS UP THE RECEIVER. THEY EMERGE.)

MAX:
No luck?

DOCTOR:
Good news, Max. Nyssa's alive.

MAX:
Alive! Well I'll be blowed! So those space-suited ghost-things didn't vaporise her?

DOCTOR:
No. And not only that. I think she might have found us a way out...

(FX: WHOOSH TO:)

29. BEDROOM

(FX: ALICE SLEEPING, WHEEZING. HAROLD ANSWERS THE DOOR.)

HAROLD:

Ah, Doctor Smith. Here at last.

DOCTOR:

I came as soon as I could... no I didn't. I was just talking with Max, on the village green. Which rather begs the question, why am I here, now?

HAROLD:

It's Alice, Doctor. She doesn't have long left.

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry, I'm not really a medical Doctor, there's not a great deal I can do.

HAROLD:

I know. It's just good to have you around. For her final moments.

DOCTOR:

Wait... Yesterday, at the church. You were the one being buried. And Alice was alive!

HAROLD

Oh, that. Happens all the time, I shouldn't let it worry you.

DOCTOR:

But if Alice dies first... how can she be at your funeral?

HAROLD:

We all die, Doctor. And we come back. There's no death here.

DOCTOR:

No death?

HAROLD:

It's hard to explain. It's like... sunrise following sunset. You close your eyes, then you open them again the next morning. It doesn't hurt. It's nothing to be afraid of.

DOCTOR:

I'm sure that's very comforting – but you actually remember dying?

HAROLD:

Nothing unusual in that. (BEAT) She's going, Doctor. This is how it always is.

(FX: ALICE'S BREATHING IS STRAINED. HAROLD'S BECOMING TEARFUL.)

HAROLD:

It's alright, dear. I'm with you. Here, let me warm your hand, love... (RUBS HAND)

DOCTOR:

'How it always is'? How many times as this happened?

HAROLD:

For about as long as I can remember. Can't remember a time when it didn't happen.

DOCTOR:

Then why, Harold, haven't you got used to it? Why is it still affecting you?

HAROLD:

It's my Alice, Doctor. She's my girl. I can't help it.

DOCTOR:

But why? If you know you're going to see her again tomorrow... why the tears?

HAROLD:

It doesn't get any easier, Doctor. It still hurts the same, like new. It still...

(FX: HER BREATHING HAS STOPPED.)

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry.

HAROLD:

Until next time, Alice. Until next time. (BEAT) It's the price we pay, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

The price you pay? For what?

HAROLD:

For this, Stockbridge. For the chance to live forever. In heaven.

DOCTOR:

This isn't heaven, Harold. This is somebody's idea of hell.

(FX: WHOOSHES TO:)

30. BEDROOM.

(FX: HAROLD IS NOW ON HIS DEATH-BED. DOOR OPENS.)

ALICE:

Ah, Doctor Smith. It's good to see you.

DOCTOR:

I came as soon as... wait a moment. Alice, you're alive!

ALICE:

Of course. It's not about me, Doctor. It's about Harold.

DOCTOR:

Your husband...?

ALICE:

It's his lungs. I don't think he's got very long left, bless him.

DOCTOR:

But just now... you were dying. And he was at your bedside.

ALICE:

Oh, I know that.

DOCTOR:

You know?

ALICE:

I remember. We like to take turns. He'll be there for my death, and I'll be there for his.

DOCTOR:

And nothing about that strikes you as peculiar at all?

ALICE:

That's Stockbridge. Things don't always happen in the right order. Can I get you a cup of tea? I'll make it just as you like it.

DOCTOR:

No, no, I'm fine. But I still don't understand... you go through this every day?

ALICE:

It's hard to bear. Truly. Not so much with Harold, because he's had a long life, and we've had a hundred happy moments together. But with our Philip... that's what hurts.

DOCTOR:

I tried to save him, but-

ALICE:

- but it can't be helped. I know. There's nothing anyone can do. But we have so little of him to remember, you see. He should've grown up... but we never got to see that. When our Philip was taken, it wasn't just him they took. They took away our future.

(FX: WE WHOOSH TO:)

31. CHURCHYARD.

(FX: CHURCH BELLS CHIME. ROOKS CAW. MAX RUNNING UP.)

VICAR: (IN BACKGROUND, FROM SCENE 9)

Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of his great mercy to take unto himself the soul of our dear brother here etc etc.

MAX:

(BREATHLESS) Doctor, there you are, I've been searching all over for you -

DOCTOR:

And what about you, Max?

MAX:

Me?

DOCTOR:

You're part of the village. Are you endlessly re-living your... 'edited highlights' like the rest of them?

MAX:

It's the same for all of us.

DOCTOR:

Stuck in an endlessly recurring nightmare! From which you can never wake up...

MAX:

It's not just the bad stuff, Doctor. We get to re-live all the good stuff too. Like when I predicted that meteor shower, you remember that? I was a hero in the village for weeks after that, they even had me give a talk at the local school. It was the only time I ever felt like I really belonged -

DOCTOR:

Yes, very touching, but I don't know how you can bear it. I couldn't.

MAX:

It's the price we –

DOCTOR:

Price? That's what Harold said. What sort of 'transaction' is this?

MAX:

(RELUCTANT, BITTER) Life eternal is the 'gift' of the Lord and Lady of the Manor.

DOCTOR:

Who?

MAX:

The Lord and Lady. Without them, this place wouldn't exist. And they... help us. Whenever the pain of reliving the past gets too much... they take it away.

DOCTOR:

They do what?

MAX:

They make us forget.

DOCTOR:

But only so you can experience it again afresh. You haven't answered my question. Who are these mysterious benefactors of yours?

MAX:

I told you. They... they are the Lord and Lady. Of the..

DOCTOR:

Of the Manor. Yes. Odd, that. I don't recall Stockbridge ever having a manor.

MAX:

It's always been there, for as long as I can remember. On the other side of Well's Wood, near the castle ruins.

DOCTOR:

The castle ruins... but that's where – (CUTS OFF TRAIN OF THOUGHT) It's getting dark. And cold. Strange. You know, it's almost as if the days are getting shorter.

MAX:

They can't be...

DOCTOR:

But you're not sure, are you? Maybe Autumn is on its way after all.

(FX: THEY START HEADING OFF)

MAX:

Where're we going?

DOCTOR:

Don't you want to leave this village, Max?

MAX:

I... I'm not sure, it's not that simple -

DOCTOR:

Nothing worthwhile ever is. Or would you prefer to remain here, going round and round in circles like... a goldfish in a four-dimensional bowl?

MAX:

I like goldfish.

DOCTOR:

Come on, Max! We have an appointment to keep!

32. PUB.

(FX: NOISE OF BUSY PUB - IDENTICAL TO SCENE 16)

DUDLEY:

Y'aright, Harold - what'll it be? The usual?

HAROLD:

Pint of best for me, and Alice - ?

(FX: PUB SUDDENLY FALLS SILENT. SAME FLAT VOICES)

ALICE:

The stargazer has never conformed to the village. He has never been one of us.

DUDLEY:

He is mentally erratic. A... fantasist. He still believes he can hold out against the Lord and Lady... Of all us, he alone resists their psychic influence.

HAROLD:

Such... ingratitude.

ALICE:

He is attempting to escape with the Doctor. They are heading for Well's Wood.

HAROLD:

The structural vulnerability. Where the temporal intruders broke through!

DUDLEY:

The Doctor must not be permitted to leave. He must never be permitted to leave.

(FX: AND SUDDENLY WE RETURN TO NORMAL LIFE IN THE BAR, WITH THE MUSIC, LAUGHTER AND DARTS MATCH CONTINUING AS BEFORE)

DUDLEY:

There you go...

HAROLD: (DRINKS)

Oh, I needed that. Eh, you'll never guess what that idiot Edison's gone and done now.

(FX: FADE OUT DURING THE TWO ABOVE LINES)

33. WOODLAND AT NIGHT

MAX:

Outside the bubble?

DOCTOR:

Nyssa said to meet her at Well's Wood tonight. Our way out of here!

MAX:

Er... I'm not sure that's such a good idea –

DOCTOR:

What is it you're so frightened of?

MAX:

...you don't want to know. Things. Important, dreadful, terrible things.

DOCTOR:

Fine. Your decision. But I hope you won't mind if I choose not to remain here forever.

(FX: THE GHOSTS APPEAR OUT OF THIN AIR, AS BEFORE. SAME BREATHING – QUIETLY AT FIRST, BUT GROWING LOUDER.)

MAX:

Jeepers... Doctor, the ghosts. They're here!

DOCTOR:

Bang on schedule. But they're not ghosts.

MAX:

What? Oh, yes. The 'psychic projections'. Important to use the correct terminology!

DOCTOR:

No. Think about it. If this is supposed to be the afterlife... shouldn't we be the ghosts?

(FX: THE DOCTOR BREAKS COVER. RUSTLING BUSHES, SNAPPING TWIGS.)

MAX:

What're you doing?

DOCTOR:

They took Nyssa away from here. I'm hoping they'll repeat the favour. (CALLS OUT) Hello there! Over here! I'm the Doctor... I was wondering if you could help me?

MAX:

(NERVOUS) Oh cripes... oh bloomin' cripes...

DOCTOR:

That's right, you can hear me. Walk towards me... Nyssa, is that you? Nyssa!

NYSSA: (VIA SPACESUIT)

Doctor. You need to make direct physical contact –

DOCTOR:

What?

NYSSA: (VIA SPACESUIT)

Take my hand, Doctor. There isn't much time.

MAX:

Doctor, I can't let you do this –

NYSSA: (VIA SPACESUIT)

Now, Doctor, now.

(FX: DOCTOR IS GRABBED.)

DOCTOR:

Max! Ow! Get off me! What are you doing? Nyssa... the ghosts, they're fading – wait!

(FX: THE GHOSTS VANISH.)

MAX:

I'm sorry, Doctor. I don't want to do this, but I haven't got any choice.

DOCTOR:

What?

MAX:

If you go, Doctor, we'll die. All of us! We'll die! Don't you get it? Everyone in this village should be dead. And if you leave, that's what's gonna happen!

DOCTOR:

Are you threatening me?

(FX: THE OTHERS ARE HERE, WALKING INTO THE SCENE. THEY ARE NO LONGER TALKING FLATLY – THEY'RE FRIENDLY, BUT TOO MUCH – SINISTER)

DUDLEY:

No, Doctor. You saw the gravestones. We are the dead.

ALICE:

You have to be made to understand why you can never leave.

DOCTOR:

What?

HAROLD:

You are to pay your respects ... to the Lord and Lady of the Manor!

34. MANOR HOUSE

(FX: HEAVY DOORS OPENED. FOOTSTEPS. CREAKING FLOORBOARDS.)

HAROLD:

This way, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Whoever this Lord and Lady are, I'm not keen on their interior decoration. Candles and cobwebs is so nineteenth century, don't you think? Sort-of mock gothic! And if I were them, I'd sack my cleaner. This place must be inch-thick in dust.

MAX:

Um, I don't think they've got a cleaner.

DOCTOR:

That explains a great deal. You don't have to do this, you know. Any of you!

HAROLD:

The Lord and Lady have granted us the gift of immortality.

ALICE:

They absolve us of our regrets and our griefs.

DUDLEY:

And in return, they ask only for our obedience.

DOCTOR:

The gift of immortality? Can't you see that it's a curse, not a blessing?

ALICE:

'Thy eternal summer shall not fade..

DUDLEY:

'nor lose possession of that fair thou owest.'

JANE:

'Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade.'

HAROLD:

'When in eternal lines to time thou growest.'

ALICE:

'So long as men can breathe or eyes can see.'

ALL VILLAGERS, AS ONE, REVERENTLY:

'So long lives this... and this gives life to thee!'

DOCTOR:

You're mad. All of you. Stark, staring bonkers!

HAROLD:

Yet I believe you will find there is a method in our madness...

(FX: DOOR CREAKS OPEN.)

DUDLEY:

Doctor. Allow me to present... the Lord and Lady of the Manor.

(FX: FOOTSTEPS APPROACH. AND THEN THERE'S A VOICE. IT'S NYSSA, BUT WITH AN EFFECT ON THE VOICE – AGED, ALIEN, HUSKY, HOLLOW.)

NYSSA (AS LADY):

Doctor.

DOCTOR:
Nyssa! What's happened to you...?

DUDLEY:
This is the Lady Nyssa of Traken.

DOCTOR:
What? Your face... it's like dust...

NYSSA (AS LADY):
I look different? So would you, if you had lived for over a hundred thousand years.

DOCTOR:
You're the Lady of the Manor?

(FX: ANOTHER NEW ARRIVAL. THE DOCTOR WITH AN EFFECT ON HIS VOICE.)

DOCTOR: (AS LORD)
Yes, Doctor. And I am the Lord.

DOCTOR:
(REALISATION) The Lord Doctor...! Of course... a Time Lord.

DOCTOR AND NYSSA: (AS LORD AND LADY, TOGETHER)
We are the Lord and Lady of the Manor.

DOCTOR:
But you... you're me. You're me!

DOCTOR: (AS LORD)
Not quite, Doctor. To be precise, I am your future self. I am what you will become.

END OF PART TWO CLIFFHANGER

NOTE: FROM NOW ON, THE LORD DOCTOR AND LADY NYSSA WILL BE REFERRED TO AS THE LORD AND LADY, TO DIFFERENTIATE THEM FROM THE DOCTOR AND NYSSA.

PART THREE

35. WOODLAND AT NIGHT

(FX: LET'S CONFUSE PEOPLE BY OPENING WITH THE END OF PART ONE...)

NYSSA:

I can see... there's someone inside the space suit! I make out their face...

DOCTOR:

Nyssa, watch out – don't let it touch you –

(FX: NYSSA GIVES A SUDDEN ABRUPT SCREAM WHICH DISTORTS, ECHOES, AND FADES AWAY. THE GAS MASK BREATHING ALSO CUTS OUT ABRUPTLY.)

(FX: WE'RE STILL IN THE WOODS. ELECTRIC MACHINES THRUMMING. IN THE BACKGROUND, OTHER TEAM MEMBERS RELAYING INSTRUCTIONS.)

NYSSA:

Doctor... Max... Doctor, where are you?

LIZZIE: (VIA SPACESUIT)

Calm down, it's alright, you're safe.

NYSSA:

Where am I? What happened?

LIZZIE:

Not entirely sure. Some sort of psychic transduction.

NYSSA:

I'm sorry?

(FX: HER HELMET IS REMOVED. WE CAN HEAR LIZZIE CLEARLY NOW.)

LIZZIE:

Psychic transduction. Though that's just something Geoff made up. I think he got it off the X-Files.

NYSSA:

You haven't answered my question. Where am I?

LIZZIE:

Where do you think? Well's Wood, of course!

NYSSA:

But it's daylight. Broad daylight! And who are you?

LIZZIE:

Look, I'll answer all your questions when we get to H Q.
(PROMPT) Hup you go...

(FX: VAN DOOR OPENS, THEY CLIMB IN)

NYSSA:

'When we get back to HQ?'

LIZZIE:

It's not far, just the next village – Ash Norton. You all strapped up?

NYSSA:

Yes –

LIZZIE:

(CALLS OUT) Geoffrey, can you keep an eye on the P S I levels? Cheers, ducks! (TO NYSSA) Alright, hold tight – (DRIVING)

(FX: THE VAN DOOR SLAMS. THE GEARS CRUNCH AND THEY DRIVE OFF.)

36. INSIDE MANOR

(FX NOW FOR THE REPRISE OF THE EPISODE TWO CLIFFHANGER:)

LORD AND LADY (TOGETHER):

We are the Lord and Lady of the Manor.

DOCTOR:

But you... you're me. You're me!

LORD:

Not quite, Doctor. To be precise, I am your future self. I am what you will become.

DOCTOR:

You're wrong. I will never become... whatever you are. Not in a (million) –

LORD:

A million years? Oh, it may take a while longer than that. But I am your destiny, Doctor. Your inescapable fate.

DOCTOR:

Sorry, I don't believe in fate.

LORD:

Look at me. Look at this face. Scarred by the infinite ravages of time. Skin parched and crumbling to ash. Decomposing. Rotten. This face is your face.

DOCTOR:

Well, if that really is the case, then... I should start using moisturiser.

LORD:

Flippancy? Oh. A display of false self-confidence. I remember the affectation.

LADY:

Innkeeper. You and the others are to remain outside.

DUDLEY:

As you instruct, my Lady.

(FX: THE OTHERS GO. DOOR CLOSES BEHIND THEM.)

DOCTOR:

Of course! That's what Max meant by 'self-preservation'. That's why you couldn't let me to leave! Because if I don't remain here, then one day I won't become you!

LORD:

For you, it is yet to be. For us, it is distant past. It cannot – must not – be changed.

DOCTOR:

But it could be, couldn't it? It's still a physical possibility! That's what you're scared of – that I might do something which would cause you to cease to have ever existed!

37. PIG BASE.

(FX: TARPAULIN PULLED ASIDE. AIR CONDITIONING WHIRRING. RADIO AND OTHER INSTRUMENTS BURBLING. KETTLE BOILING)

LIZZIE:

Forgive the, ah, creative disorder, we only pitched camp a couple of weeks ago.

NYSSA:

This is your base? A tent?

LIZZIE:

For now. Here, unfold one of those chairs... if you'd like a moment alone, (then) –

NYSSA:

I'd rather have answers.

LIZZIE:

Fair enough. Anything else you'd like, while I'm up? We can do you tea, coffee... and vegetable soup, for some reason. We normally have some biscuits, but they seem to have undergone an inexplicable disappearance. Probably fell into a freak wormhole – or big Nigel's been in here again.

NYSSA:

A glass of water will suffice.

(FX: A GLASS IS POURED.)

LIZZIE:

I'll make you a mug of tea, just in case. Now, exchange of information. Who are you?

NYSSA:

My name's Nyssa. Who are you?

LIZZIE:

Lizzie. Elizabeth for long, Lizzie for short. Never Liz, hate the name. Surname?

NYSSA:

On my world we did not use inherited appellations. I am Nyssa, daughter of Tremas –

LIZZIE:

On your world?

NYSSA:

(BACKTRACKING) Jones. My name is Nyssa... Jones.

LIZZIE:

I see. Lizzie Corrigan. Miss.

NYSSA:

And what were you doing in the woods in those... spacesuits?

LIZZIE:

Environmental protection suits. It's a long story. To cut it short, we're the P I G.

NYSSA:

(LAUGHS) The 'pig'?

LIZZIE:

Psychic investigation group.

NYSSA:

And what are you 'investigating'?

LIZZIE:

A village that mysteriously vanished off the face of the planet sixty years ago. You may have heard of it. It's called Stockbridge.

38. INSIDE MANOR

(FX: MOVING THROUGH HOUSE, UP STAIRS, THROUGH DOORS...)

DOCTOR:

Supposing, for the sake of argument, you are my future self... what happens to me?

LADY:

You remain in Stockbridge forever.

DOCTOR:

Are you sure? Forever's an awfully long time...

LORD:

The Lady Nyssa and I have ruled over Stockbridge for countless millennia.

LADY:

We stopped keeping track after the first ten thousand centuries.

DOCTOR:

(WHISTLES) That long, eh? I'm surprised you still remember who you are!

LORD:

(REMEMBERING) I remember... I was a Lord, once. Of Time. I gave my name as 'the Doctor', but that wasn't my real name. My real name was... it was...

DOCTOR:

(AMUSED, TEASING) You've forgotten!

LORD:

It has been so long since I have had cause to think of it. But I remember, before I came to Stockbridge. I had a home. 'Gallverey'. Then I fled, to voyage across the gulfs of time. So many worlds I saw, so many lives I lived. Back... when I was you.

DOCTOR:

And the Lady Nyssa?

LADY:

I... I know I was a Lady. Of Traken. My family died, my home world died. But it all feels like it happened in another life. Like... a half-remembered childhood dream.

DOCTOR:

So you don't remember Tegan? Or Adric? The Master? The Cybermen?

LADY:

The words are unfamiliar. The time before the village... it all seems so distant now.

DOCTOR:

And what about this manor house of yours, hmmm?

(FX: A DOOR IS UNBOLTED AND OPENED. THEY MOVE INTO A NEW AREA. TRICKLING WATER. FLAGSTONES. A TRANQUIL, SUMMERY ATMOSPHERE.)

LORD:

Haven't you guessed yet? Look, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Yes, a conservatory. Very pleasant. Could do with a spot of pruning. What about it?

LORD:

This is the most ancient part of Stockbridge Manor. The first part to be built.

LADY:

The first part we constructed.

DOCTOR:

Constructed? You built this place between you?

LADY:

Over the millennia. Stone by stone.

DOCTOR:

Well, I'm impressed at your workmanship, but I still don't see...

LORD:

Look again, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

What am I looking for? Vines... ivy... moss, an ornamental fountain, statues and some sort of – oh my word. But that's impossible... what are they doing here?

LADY:

Impossible?

DOCTOR:

Warp core engines! Or what's left of them. But that means...

LORD:

Yes, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

That means... the manor house. You've built it on the remains of the Rutan ship!

39. PIG BASE.

(FX: LIGHTING UP)

LIZZIE:

You don't mind if I... do you? (INHALES) Dreadful habit. So your gentlemen friend, this 'Doctor'... he's still in Stockbridge?

NYSSA:

As far as I know.

LIZZIE:

And you don't know how you ended up there?

NYSSA:

No. Now perhaps you could answer my questions?

LIZZIE:

Fire away.

NYSSA:

You said the village 'mysteriously vanished'. What precisely do you mean?

LIZZIE:

One minute it was there, the next it... wasn't. Happened sometime around the end of World War Two. It was all hushed-up, they said it'd been destroyed by a V-2.

NYSSA:

But it hadn't?

LIZZIE:

If it had, you'd expect there to be a vast smoking crater, right? Witnesses? Survivors? Instead, there was nothing. It's not just that the village wasn't there. It was as if a big circle on the map had been cut away – and space had been folded in around it.

NYSSA:

But that's ridiculous!

LIZZIE:

Ridiculous or not, you'd walk towards the point on the map where Stockbridge should be... and pass straight through to the other side. The village hadn't been blown up by a Jerry bomb. It had been reduced to a singularity.

40. INSIDE MANOR CONSERVATORY

DOCTOR:

The engines... they're just as they were before. A little rusty, but essentially intact.

LORD:

'Before...?'

DOCTOR:

Before the explosion... But they didn't explode, did they? I'm beginning to understand. The warp core didn't ignite... because I'd activated the fail-safe!

(FX: BRIEF SPOOKY WHOOSH/BURST OF DIALOGUE FROM SCENE 1:)

DOCTOR There should be some sort of metabolic fail-safe, if only I can find...

LADY:

You saved the Earth from destruction, Doctor. In so doing, you created this place.

DOCTOR:

Of course! The engines would have been instantly enclosed within a stasis field. Allowing the pilot to make the necessary repairs... or retreat to a place of safety.

LORD:

Go on.

DOCTOR:

But rather than enclose just the engines, the bubble inflated! Expanding to take in the village, its inhabitants... and everything that's happened here in the past sixty years!

LADY:

At last you comprehend.

LORD:

(MOCKING) So you see, it's you, Doctor. You are the one who trapped us here for all eternity. It was all because of you!

41. PIG BASE

NYSSA:

So, if it was reduced to a singularity, how did you locate it?

LIZZIE:

It all kicked off about a year ago. People in the area reported seeing hallucinations. They'd catch sight of a village shimmering in the distance, as though it was made of mist. Only for a second, but it was there. Like Brigadoon.

NYSSA:

Like what?

LIZZIE:

'Brigadoon'. The old musical, you know? With Gene Kelly and Val Johnson.

NYSSA:

I'm sorry, I'm not familiar with the reference.

LIZZIE:

It's not important. Anyway, soon it wasn't just the village that people saw. About a month ago, they began to see the inhabitants too! That's when the P I G received the summons. The manifestations tend to be concentrated around Well's Wood, on the outskirts of where the village would've been – on the edge of the missing circle.

NYSSA:

I'm sorry – the 'manifestations'?

LIZZIE:

We don't like to call them ghosts. It's a bit embarrassing.

42. INSIDE MANOR

DOCTOR:

That's what you've been doing? Ruling over Stockbridge? Tell me, what are the hours like? If I'm going to be taking over, I'd quite like to know what I'm letting myself in for.

LORD:

All shall become clear, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Deferring explanations... that's a very annoying habit. I really must stop doing it...

(FX: A DOOR OPENS. WE RETURN TO THE RECEPTION AREA.)

DUDLEY & MAX:
My Lord, my Lady.

LADY:
The stargazer... and the Innkeeper. How considerate of you to wait.

DUDLEY:
I require absolution.

MAX:
And me, too... please.

LADY:
And you shall have it.

DOCTOR:
Absolution?

LORD:
The only way the villagers can endure.

DOCTOR:
Endure? I thought everyone in this village was 'dearly departed'?

LADY:
The people of Stockbridge are held, forever, as they were at the instant of their death. Suspended in the moment. Dying and yet... undying.

DOCTOR:
So not so much an afterlife as a living death.

LADY:
The Innkeeper first, I think. I have an... appetite for his melancholy.

LORD:
Now, Doctor. Observe, how we endure...

LADY:
Innkeeper, give me your hand... so I might release you from the shackles of the past -

(FX: DUDLEY SUDDENLY STARTS SCREAMING, GASPING. IN GREAT PAIN.)

A SUPERNATURAL WIND ROARS OUT OF NOWHERE. INCLUDING BRIEF, INCOHERENT SNIPPETS OF DUDLEY DIALOGUE FROM OTHER SCENES. AND THEN A DISTORTED, PANNING-ACROSS-STEREO REPRISÉ OF SCENE 23)

JANE:

Come on, jump! Water's lovely.

DUDLEY:

The bridge isn't safe, I'm not doing it –

LADY: (DURING THE ABOVE)

Ah. Such tender-hearted memories. Truly, to be savoured... like wine!

(FX: AND SCENE 24)

JANE:

Is this you proposing?

DUDLEY:

What do you want, rings and violins? I'm asking, Yes.

LADY: (DURING THE ABOVE)

Oh, such bitter-sweet remembrances. Delicious!! More! I must have more!

JANE:

The problem went away. And I know I should feel sad about it, but I don't. I'm glad.

(FX: NYSSA IS LAUGHING, FEEDING. DUDLEY WHIMPERING IN AGONY.)

DOCTOR: (DURING THE ABOVE)

She's feeding on his memories!

LORD:

Not his memories, Doctor. His past. Every experience, every emotion. Every delight and sorrow. Every love and every loss...

DOCTOR:

So that's how you achieve sustenance. You're parasites. Vampires! Forcing them to relive their lives, over and over again... just so that you have something to eat!

LORD:

The price we pay for immortality. Innkeeper, do you wish the Lady Nyssa to stop?

DUDLEY:

No. No. Please... I beg you, take it all... Please...

LADY:

Join me, my Lord. Satisfy your hunger. Consume this feast of purest regret!

(FX: LORD AND LADY FEED AND LAUGH HYSTERICALLY. AS THEY DO, MORE EXCERPTS OF SCENE 24 PLAY IN THE BACKGROUND. AND OVER IT:)

DOCTOR: (SOTTO)
Max, don't just stand there!

MAX:
No, Doctor... You don't understand...—

DOCTOR:
Look at what they're doing...! Do you really want to be the next course on the menu?

MAX:
You don't know what it's like. If you had to live through all the moments you'd rather forget... all the humiliation and heartbreak... you'd want someone to take it away too.

DOCTOR:
They're not doing it for your benefit. To them you're just a... source of nourishment! Come on, Max — run!

(FX: AS THEY RUN, THE LORD AND LADY CONTINUE TO FEED — AND WE GO INTO ANOTHER FLASHBACK — SOUNDING LIKE THE PREVIOUS FLASHBACKS.)

43. RIVERBANK

JANE:
I saw your face, when I told you the problem had gone away. You were pleased.

DUDLEY:
I wasn't.

JANE:
Yes, you were. You didn't really want it, you didn't really want to marry me.

DUDLEY:
It's not like that — I want to do the right thing.

JANE:
That's just it. I don't want you to be with me out of duty. Because you don't really love me, Dudley and I don't really love you. (BEAT) Our little problem didn't go away.

(FX: GRADUALLY WE NOTICE TWO OTHER VOICES, ECHOING EACH LINE. NOT IN SYNCH, AND NOT THE SAME INTONATION. A MOCKING QUALITY.)

DUDLEY & LORD:
What?

JANE & LADY:
I'm sorry for tricking you, but I had to know how you really felt. Don't be angry. You can walk away now. Do what you do best. Walk away.

DUDLEY & LORD:
You don't understand, I love you –

JANE & LADY:
Please, just leave me alone, I don't want to see you any more..

DUDLEY & LORD:
No!

JANE & LADY:
Let go, you're hurting me –

(FX: AND JANE'S SCREAM, SPLASH AND THIS LINE FROM SCENE 24:)

DUDLEY: One minute she was standing there, the next the edge just gave way –)

LADY:
Oh, such exquisite remorse! Such delectable agony!

(FX: DUDLEY GIVES A FINAL GASP BEFORE LOSING CONSCIOUSNESS.)

LORD:
Now, Stargazer. It is your turn. Stargazer...?

LADY:
He has gone... They have both gone!

44. PIG BASE

NYSSA:

So as far as you were concerned, I was one of these ghosts?

LIZZIE:

Until we made physical contact... Another cup of tea? No? – But when we saw you, your presence was much more... corporeal than any of the previous manifestations.

NYSSA:

That's what Max said about you.

LIZZIE:

What?

NYSSA:

That the ghosts were becoming more solid with each passing day.

LIZZIE:

The link does seem to be getting stronger. It's as if the village is slowly breaking through into our reality. That's Geoff's theory, anyway. I think he got it off Buffy.

NYSSA:

(CONSIDERING) Or maybe whatever caused Stockbridge to disappear in the first place is growing weaker.

LIZZIE:

Wait a tic – did you say each passing day?

NYSSA:

Yes. Max said the ghosts appeared at the same place, at the same time, every night –

LIZZIE:

But the manifestations aren't every day. They're every couple of hours!

45. INSIDE MANOR

LADY:

Awake, innkeeper. Awake!

DUDLEY:

(WAKING) I... thank you, My Lady. No more regret... no more guilt...

LORD:

Your gratitude can wait. The Doctor and the stargazer have... absconded.

DUDLEY:

Doctor Smith? Max – ?

LADY:

The Doctor must be located. Instruct the villagers to search the grounds. At once!

LORD:

And as for the stargazer... his continued existence is no longer to be tolerated.

46. PIG BASE

NYSSA:

But that explains it... why each day in the village felt like only a few hours...

LIZZIE:

Because each day was only a few hours.

NYSSA:

So these ghosts – manifestations – appear every hour or so?

LIZZIE:

That's right. As you can see from the wall chart – every one hour fifteen minutes, at present. The rate's increasing, each time generating a larger psychic disturbance.

NYSSA:

You can detect psychic disturbances?

LIZZIE:

We'd hardly be the Psychic Investigation Group if we couldn't. We have a (box of)-

(FX: LIZZIE'S MOBILE RINGS. SHE ANSWERS IT.)

LIZZIE:

Hello, yeah? Geoffrey? ... What? Alright, alright, hold your horses, I'm on my way.

(FX: ENDS CALL)

NYSSA:

What is it?

LIZZIE:

Another P.S.I. surge. The biggest one yet. Come on, 'Nyssa' – we've got work to do.

47. INSIDE MANOR CONSERVATORY

(FX: FOUNTAIN TRICKLES. A DOOR IS UNBOLTED AND FLUNG OPEN. DOCTOR AND MAX RUSH IN.)

DOCTOR:

Quick, Max, through here. Quick!

MAX:

Oh blimey, my knees, my poor knees. (BEAT) We're not leaving the manor?

DOCTOR:

No. That's exactly what they'd expect us to do. Instead I wanted another look at this.

MAX:

What is it? Some sort of avant-garde sculpture?

DOCTOR:

It's what's left of a hyperspatial warp core engine.

MAX:

A what?

DOCTOR:

Alien technology, far in advance of your own.

MAX:

Oh, right. Actually, now you mention it, I thought it looked a bit Venusian.

DOCTOR:

Yes, Max. Now, to sustain a four-dimensional bubble would require huge reserves of power... if I can divert some of that power into the synaptic feed...

(FX: BUTTONS PRESSED. SOMETHING HAPPENS – A HUMM OF POWER.)

MAX:

Hey, look, that bit lit up! Fairy lights!

DOCTOR:

Eureka! That's the cardio-electric capacitor... it indicates how
– (REALISES) Oh dear.

MAX:

Bad news?

DOCTOR:

Extremely. Max, the reason why you've started seeing ghosts in
Wells Wood... and why the days have been getting shorter... is
because the time bubble's collapsing.

MAX:

Oh. (BEAT) What does that mean?

DOCTOR:

Its structural integrity is breaking down. At first, allowing
you a glimpse of the outside world. Then, becoming thin enough
for someone to pass through. But ultimately...

MAX:

Ultimately?

DOCTOR:

What happens to all bubbles in the end? Pop!

48. WELL'S WOOD

(FX: A LAND ROVER DRIVES AND HALTS, GEARS CRUNCHING)

LIZZIE:

Don't just stand there gawping like a narna, move! (HALTS) Here we go, Wells Wood.

(FX: THEY GET OUT. MACHINERY THROBBING. POWER CABLES. P.I.G. CHAT.)

NYSSA:

What are you attempting to do with all this... 'equipment'?

LIZZIE:

Ah, well, it's pretty complicated, I'm not sure you'd understand –

NYSSA:

I think you'll find I am more than capable of understanding anything you consider to be 'complicated'.

LIZZIE:

Alright, no need to get your knickers in a palaver. That box of tricks there, the one that looks like a big colander, is what we call a psychic amplifier.

NYSSA:

It's what you used to enter Stockbridge?

LIZZIE:

Yes. Well guessed! This whole area's basically a hotspot for psychic activity, a side-effect we're guessing. By focusing that residual background energy, whenever there's a manifestation... we can create a doorway, a sort of dimensional aperture.

NYSSA:

Like forcing a lever into a fault line.

LIZZIE:

You're the first person we've managed to pull through. You were lucky – the interface can be jolly unstable. Hazardous. That's why we need to suit up.

NYSSA:

You say it utilises psychic energy – you mean the power of thought?

LIZZIE:

I know, I know, you have every right to be sceptical. But it's not mumbo-jumbo, it's all scientific fact. Ever since it was discovered in the nineteenth century, the existence of psychic energy has been an official secret.

NYSSA:

It's not that I doubt the science – I've seen similar technology before – I'm just wondering whether it might also be used to communicate.

LIZZIE:

I'm sorry?

NYSSA:

A psychic amplifier may also be used to boost an individual's latent psychic abilities.

LIZZIE:

What, like telepathy?

NYSSA:

To put it in terms you are capable of understanding, yes. We might be able to make contact with the Doctor!

LIZZIE:

And do you happen to know of anyone with latent psychic abilities?

NYSSA:

Of course. Me!

49. MANOR HOUSE CONSERVATORY

(FX: THE DOCTOR HAS MANAGED TO GET MORE COMPUTERS BLEEPING.)

DOCTOR:

What do I have to do to make you work, you stupid (thing)...

(FX: HE BANGS SOMETHING. A WHIRR AS SOMETHING POWERS UP.)

DOCTOR:

Ha! The old targeted-impact trick, never fails.

MAX:

Hey, that's a hologram... of the village!

DOCTOR:

Yes. You can see, how it's contained within the bubble. Rather like a snow globe.

MAX:

Oh look, I can see my house! There's even smoke coming out of the chimney!

DOCTOR:

Yes, Max.

MAX:

Doctor, what you said before, about the bubble going pop... what'll happen to us?

DOCTOR:

This whole place will cease to exist. Everyone here will die. Permanently.

MAX:

Oh lumme. (BEAT) How long do we have?

DOCTOR:

Hard to say. The rate of deflation is gradual at the moment, but if it accelerates... then this 'eternal summer' of yours won't be 'eternal' for very much longer.

MAX:

Hey, what's that wibbly thing?

DOCTOR:

What - (OH NO) A breach in the time bubble's surface...

MAX:

A hole?

DOCTOR:

Precisely. Somebody's attempting to puncture the stasis field!

MAX:

Puncture? Like sticking a drawing pin in a balloon?

DOCTOR:

Precisely that sort of puncture. Interesting – the breach is located in... Well's Wood!

MAX:

Where the ghosts in spacesuits are!

DOCTOR:

Where the psychic projections are, yes. They must be the ones behind it.

MAX:

Doctor, don't want to worry you, but should it be getting dark outside?

DOCTOR:

Events are speeding up. Come on, Max, time we made a move.

MAX:

Where?

DOCTOR:

To Well's Wood, of course.

MAX:

What? To meet whoever's trying to force their way in?

DOCTOR:

More than that. We have to stop them!

50. INSIDE MANOR

LADY:

My Lord. The atmosphere of the village is shifting... changing... like there's a thunderstorm approaching.

LORD:

I sense it too. A chill breeze, rustling through the night.

LADY:

The surging onrush of time, bringing destruction upon the village.

LORD:

The eternal summer is over. Autumn is approaching...

LADY:

It will be the end of us. We cannot endure without the stasis field.

LORD:

Then we have no choice... we must beg the assistance of our saviour...

LORD & LADY:

Viridios!

51. WELLS' WOOD

NYSSA:

Ready to engage power?

LIZZIE:

This isn't going to work, Nyssa. I'll give you ten to one odds, it'll fry your brain.

NYSSA:

We have to try. Now!

LIZZIE:

Switching on. Fingers crossed!

(FX: A MACHINE POWERS UP. CRACKLE OF ELECTRICITY.)

NYSSA:

(IN PAIN) No... no...

LIZZIE:

Okay, I'm switching (off) -

NYSSA:

(IN PAIN) No, wait! Wait. I can see... I can see the village green. The trees. The church. And a blue Police Box... and the Doctor and Max... and a telephone, ringing...

(FX: THE TELEPHONE RINGS. WE HEAR THE OTHER SIDE OF SCENE 28.)

NYSSA:

Doctor. Can you hear me? Can you hear me? If you can hear me... go to the woods tonight. Where I was taken. I'm coming back for you. I'll show you the way through. Go to the woods, tonight - (SUDDEN SCREAM OF PAIN)

(FX: MACHINERY POWERS DOWN. NYSSA GASPING FOR AIR.)

LIZZIE:

Oh my goodness... Nyssa? Are you alright?

NYSSA:

I'm fine, but... there... there was something else...

LIZZIE:

Something else?

NYSSA:

Something alive. but incredibly ancient... and cold, so terribly cold. It felt like... a living shadow...! I could hear its voice in my mind... and there was a word. A name!

LIZZIE:

A name?

NYSSA:

...Viridios.

52. VILLAGE GREEN

(FX: CHURCH BELLS CLANGING. BREEZE IS BECOMING A STORM.)

MAX:

Doctor... the sky... storm clouds! There've never been storm clouds over Stockbridge! Not since... well, not since for as long as I can remember!

DOCTOR:

The collapse is accelerating! Come on, Max, we have to (get) –

(FX: VILLAGERS FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL)

HAROLD:

Yes, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Harold, Alice –

ALICE:

What is it you 'have' to do?

MAX:

Out of our way. Please, Mr Withers...

HAROLD:

You never were part of Stockbridge, were you, Max? Never really fitted in.

MAX:

Shut up, you rotten –

DUDLEY:

The laughing stock of the village! Always gawping at the stars and chasing phantoms!

MAX:

I said... shut up –

ALICE:

So lonely and pathetic. You never did find someone who could bear to be with you... But who would want to spend the rest of their life with an obese, ugly failure like you?

MAX:

Leave me alone!

DUDLEY:

The Lord and Lady have decreed you are no longer to be granted the gift of life...

DOCTOR:

Max, ignore them. We have to go –

(FX: A SHOTGUN IS CLICKED.)

HAROLD

I don't think so, Doctor. You're not going anywhere... either of you.

53. WELLS' WOOD

(FX: MACHINERY BUZZING. PULSATING RISING TO A CLIMAX.)

LIZZIE:

I don't believe it. The P S I is still building. I've never seen anything like it, it's nearly off the scale... alright, chaps! Environment suits on! That includes you, Nyssa.

NYSSA:

Me?

LIZZIE:

Here, your helmet, catch. Geoff, you all set with the psychic do-da? Okay – positions, everyone. Get ready. Five. Four. Three. Two. One...

(FX: THE SOUND OF THE UNIVERSE RIPPING OPEN. A WHIRLWIND OF TIME.)

NYSSA: (VIA HELMET)

The aperture – it's opening!

LIZZIE: (VIA HELMET)

Pretty spectacular, eh?

NYSSA: (VIA HELMET FROM NOW ON)

It's like... a whirlpool in mid-air. And I can see... it's night-time. Well's Wood at night!

LIZZIE: (VIA HELMET FROM NOW ON)

Okay, everyone – single file – after me...

(FX: WE MOVE INTO THE APERTURE. LOUDER. RUSHING WIND.)

LIZZIE:

Passing through the interface. Whatever happens, Nyssa – stay with me –

NYSSA:

I'm not sure I can (stand it) –

(FX: AND THEY'RE THROUGH. WOODLAND AT NIGHT. OWL HOOTS.)

LIZZIE:

There, dear. See. It's fine once you're in.

NYSSA:

We're still in Well's Wood. But it's...(dark) – look!

LIZZIE:

What is it?

NYSSA:

The Doctor. And Max. They're here!

(FX: WE'RE IN SCENE 33!)

DOCTOR:

(CALLS OUT) Hello there! Over here! I was wondering if you could help me?

LIZZIE:

Nyssa, keep back, it's not safe –

NYSSA:

No. I'm going to get the Doctor.

(FX: SHE MOVES)

DOCTOR:

That's right, you can hear me. Walk towards me... Nyssa, is that you? Nyssa!

NYSSA:

Doctor. You need to make direct physical contact –

DOCTOR:

What?

NYSSA:

Take my hand, Doctor. There isn't much time.

MAX:

Doctor, I can't let you do this –

NYSSA: (VIA SPACESUIT)

Now, Doctor, now!

(FX: WITH A SUDDEN, UNIVERSE-RIPPING WHOOSH, WE'RE WRENCHED OUTSIDE THE BUBBLE. WE CAN HEAR THE EQUIPMENT POWERING DOWN.)

LIZZIE:

I told you not to try anything! We were inside – and now we're back to square one...!

NYSSA:

Well, then we shall just have to try again, won't we?

54. VILLAGE GREEN

(FX: STORM RISING. A BOOM OF THUNDER. RAIN BEGINS TO POUR HEAVILY.)

DOCTOR:

Look, I'm trying to help you!

DUDLEY:

Help us? By abandoning us to join with the temporal intruders?

DOCTOR:

Not to join them, no. To prevent them destroying this place!

HAROLD:

You're lying, Doctor. In Stockbridge we have life everlasting... a heaven on Earth!

DOCTOR:

Is this your idea of heaven? Thunder and lightning and torrential rain! Your world is ending and you're pointing a gun at the one man who can save you!

MAX:

It's no good, Doctor. They obey the Lord and Lady in all things...

(FX: THE STORM INTENSIFIES, BECOMING A HOWLING GALE.)

DOCTOR:

The storm – it's getting worse! Max, find something to hold onto –

ALICE:

Harold, help me. I can't... the wind is too strong – Harold –

(FX: HAROLD, ALICE AND DUDLEY SCREAMING, STRUGGLING IN THE WIND.)

DOCTOR:

Come on, Max – this is our chance – Run!

55. WELL'S WOOD.

(FX: PSYCHIC AMPLIFIER IS SHAKING WITH POWER. LOUDER THAN BEFORE. NYSSA IS OPERATING SWITCHES AND READING GAUGES)

NYSSA:

More power. We're nearly through!

LIZZIE:

It's only forty-five minutes since we last tried, there's not enough residual -

NYSSA:

No, look! It's working - !

LIZZIE:

I don't believe it. You did it! You go girl! The aperture is opening -

(FX: THE SOUND OF THE UNIVERSE RIPPING OPEN.)

NYSSA:

And there they are... the Doctor and Max. Doctor!

DOCTOR: (DISTANT)

Nyssa!

NYSSA:

Quickly. Before the aperture closes -

(FX: DOCTOR AND MAX PILE THROUGH, GASPING. THE APERTURE CLOSES WITH A SUCKING SOUND, CUTTING OFF THE SOUND OF THE STORM.)

MAX:

What the dickens - it's daylight - daylight! And there's no storm. And we're...

DOCTOR:

Yes, Max. I get the feeling we're not in Stockbridge anymore...

NYSSA:

Doctor, you're safe. I'm so glad to see you, I (didn't) - -

DOCTOR:

Never mind that. Shut down that machine! Before you bring about the destruction of the entire planet!

56. INSIDE MANOR

(FX: THE STORM CAN BE HEARD, OUTSIDE, THROUGH RATTLING WINDOWS.)

LORD:

(FEARFUL) The Doctor and the stargazer have left the village.

LADY:

The time bubble that has sustained us is fading. Eternity is coming to an end.

LORD:

The end of Stockbridge. The end of us all.

(FX: VIRIDIOS SOUNDS ANCIENT. DEEP, SLOW, BOOMING AND YET HOARSE.)

VIRIDIOS:

No, my children.

LADY:

(BREATHLESS EXCITED RECOGNITION) Viridios...!

LORD:

But if the time bubble has been ruptured – it is collapsing –

VIRIDIOS:

There is another way. It can expand. To consume the whole world..

END OF PART THREE CLIFFHANGER

PART FOUR

57. WELL'S WOOD.

(FX: NO REPRISE. THE MACHINES HAVE BEEN POWERED DOWN)

NYSSA:

Doctor, what do you mean? The entire planet?

DOCTOR:

The stasis field was the only thing preventing the hyperspatial warp core from igniting!

MAX:

So?

DOCTOR:

So, if you burst the bubble – sixty years of built-up temporal energy – released in an instant! Boom.

NYSSA:

There must be something we can do.

MAX:

Yeah. Like with balloons... if you put sellotape on them, you can stick a pin in them without them popping.

DOCTOR:

Sellotape, Max?

MAX:

Only a suggestion. I was trying to do the thing where the somebody says something stupid which inspires the clever guy to come up with a solution.

DOCTOR:

You've been watching too much television. (BEAT) No, wait. Sellotape! Of course!

MAX:

What?

DOCTOR:

Nothing. You see, it doesn't work.

NYSSA:

(ADMENISHING) Doctor –

(FX: DOCTOR FIDDLING WITH EQUIPMENT, PULLING OPEN CASING.)

LIZZIE:

Excuse me, but would you mind leaving that alone? It's a very expensive piece of government equipment, and Geoffrey's only just managed to get it working –

DOCTOR:

Sorry. We haven't been introduced. I'm the Doctor.

LIZZIE:

Lizzie Corrigan. P I G.

DOCTOR:

Delighted to meet you, Lizzie... sorry, 'Pig'?

LIZZIE:

Psychic Investigation Group.

DOCTOR:

Who? No, it's not important... What is important is that I convert this psychic amplifier into a psychic dampener... it might help stabilise the breach, give us a little more time.

LIZZIE:

Why? How long do we have?

DOCTOR:

I don't know. Hours? Minutes? However long we have, it – (HURTS HIMSELF) Ow!

(FX: AND SOMETHING FIZZLES AND EXPLODES.)

DOCTOR:

You know, it's terribly important to make sure these things are unplugged first...

58. INSIDE MANOR CONSERVATORY

(FX: THE STORM CONTINUES OUTSIDE.)

LADY:

The Doctor is attempting, in vain, to prevent the collapse of the time bubble.

VIRIDIOS:

No matter.

LORD:

But now that the Doctor has escaped... how can he become me? You promised me, Viridios. You said it was pre-ordained..

LADY:

Without the girl Nyssa... my existence is founded upon a paradox. I am... an edifice built upon shifting sands. Soon, I shall cease to have ever existed.

VIRIDIOS:

Your future is secure, my children. When the stasis field expands to surround the Earth... will it not also contain the Doctor and Nyssa?

LADY:

Then... they shall be imbued with your life-force, Viridios..

LORD:

...just as we were...

LADY:

...and they shall become us.

LORD:

Our past is their future. The cycle is complete. (BEAT) What must we do?

VIRIDIOS:

First... intensify the temporal stasis field..

59. WELL'S WOOD

(FX: MAX IS STIRRING SUGAR INTO A CUP OF TEA.)

MAX:

I don't believe it! The Psychic Investigation Group? I mean, blimey!

LIZZIE:

You've heard of us?

(FX: MAX TAKES A SIP. IT'S HOT.)

MAX:

No, but 'blimey' anyway! You have to tell me, what sort of stuff do you investigate?

LIZZIE:

All sorts. The unexplained, the supernatural. Anything from water divining to UFOs.

MAX:

Oh my goodness! Really?

(FX: MAX UNDOES THE CELLOPHANE ON SOME JAFFA CAKES AND EXTRACTS ONE.)

LIZZIE:

I know, you've every right to be sceptical, but –

(FX: MAX BEGINS EATING THE JAFFA CAKE.)

MAX:

No, no, I'm not sceptical. I'm the opposite! I mean, that's what I do. That's my thing!

LIZZIE:

Your 'thing'?

(FX: MAX SWALLOWS THE JAFFA CAKE AND CONTINUES MORE FREELY.)

MAX:

Investigating the unexplained. I've devoted my life to it – studying, taking readings, collecting data, well, collecting newspaper cuttings. I never even knew you existed!

LIZZIE:

Well, we are a top secret organisation –

MAX:

Oh, bingo! This is too good to be true! Where have you been all my life!

(FX: WE MOVE TO THE DOCTOR, FIDDLING WITH MACHINERY.)

NYSSA:

Doctor, when you examined the warp core engines, what condition were they in? Would it still be possible to prevent them igniting?

DOCTOR:

Not from out here. And hold this. (GUESSING WHAT NYSSA'S THINKING) Oh no.

NYSSA:

But if we went back inside the time bubble –

DOCTOR:

No, Nyssa. I've seen what would happen to us, what we would become...

(FX: BACK TO MAX AND LIZZIE.)

LIZZIE:

(LAUGHS INCREDULOUSLY) You have been in a spaceship?

(FX: MAX TAKES ANOTHER SIP OF HIS TEA.)

MAX:

I have. Ask the Doctor if you don't believe me. It was immense. Terrifying. But, you know, all in a days work for Maxwell Edison, paranormal investigator.

LIZZIE:

You're never called that!

MAX:

Well, no. I just made that last bit up.

LIZZIE:

No, Maxwell Edison. Like in The Beatles song. 'Bang bang, Maxwell's silver hammer.'

MAX:

Oh, that. Still, could've been worse. Mum was originally gonna call me Eleanor Rigby.

LIZZIE:

(LAUGHS) No!

MAX:

(SERIOUS, CHARMED) You're the first person I have ever met to laugh at that joke.

(FX: BACK TO THE DOCTOR AND NYSSA.)

NYSSA:

Well, Doctor? Is it working?

DOCTOR:

It should be... but...

(FX: A SMALL ALARM GOES OFF ON THE EQUIPMENT, INDICATING THAT ALL IS NOT WELL INSIDE THE BUBBLE.)

(REALISATION) Oh no. They can't be... they can't!

60. INSIDE MANOR CONSERVATORY

(FX: WARP CORE HUMMING WITH POWER).

VIRIDIOS:

You have done well, my children. The Earth shall be ours.

LADY:

Ours... all those billions of lives –

LORD:

...all that bliss and despair –

LADY:

...all that fear and regret –

LORD:

– all ours... for the feasting!

LADY:

What of the villagers of Stockbridge?

VIRIDIOS:

They are an unnecessary distraction. Let them be released from their servitude...

61. WELL'S WOOD

NYSSA:

Everyone on Earth?

DOCTOR:

Trapped in a state of timelessness. A source of nourishment for the Lord and Lady.

NYSSA:

And us?

DOCTOR:

We become the Lord and Lady. Desiccated husks – ruling over a state of purgatory.

(FX: WE MOVE TO MAX AND LIZZIE.)

LIZZIE:

Every single one?

MAX:

All of them. There isn't a single thing by Terry Pratchett I haven't read. I'm a devotee.

LIZZIE:

You know, this isn't remotely like me, but when this is all over – how would you feel –

MAX:

What?

LIZZIE:

No, you probably wouldn't be interested. Silly.

MAX:

No, I probably would.

LIZZIE:

It's just, well, Mister Edison, how would you feel – about joining the P I G?

MAX:

(DISAPPOINTED) Joining the P I G?

LIZZIE:

You're not interested, I knew it.

MAX:

No, I am. I can't think of anything I'd like more. Investigating ghosts and UFOs. As a day job! Blimey! Yes, yes, my answer's yes.

LIZZIE:

Glad to have you on board. For a minute there, I thought (you)

—

MAX:

No, no. I just thought you meant something else. Wires crossed. That's me, always getting the wrong end of the... but no, I see now, it'd be ridiculous.

LIZZIE:

What would be ridiculous?

MAX:

Nothing.

LIZZIE:

Only I was also going to ask you, now that you're a part of the team, whether you'd fancy going for a coffee and a bun sometime?

MAX:

Now that I'm part of the team?

LIZZIE:

Yes. But they wouldn't be there.

MAX:

I... um... I — er

LIZZIE:

I'm sorry, I've embarrassed you —

MAX:

No. No. I mean, yes to the coffee and a bun. Coffee and a bun sounds fantastic!

(FX: BACK TO THE DOCTOR AND NYSSA.)

NYSSA:

We have to go back in.

DOCTOR:

Yes.

NYSSA:

Even if it means...

DOCTOR:

Best not to think about it. You're sure you want to come with me?

NYSSA:

I'm not leaving you, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Yes, I thought that might be your answer,

(FX: DOCTOR STARTS POWERING UP THE PSYCHIC AMPLIFIER.)

LIZZIE:

(APPROACHING) Doctor! What are you doing? I thought you said it wasn't to be switched back on –

DOCTOR:

Yes. Turn it off, the moment that Nyssa and I depart, could you?

LIZZIE:

Depart?

NYSSA:

We're returning to Stockbridge.

MAX:

But then, how will you get back?

DOCTOR:

I'll worry about that. The second we leave, you are not to activate this machine again. Max, can I trust you do that?

MAX:

You don't want me to come with you?

NYSSA:

You'd be safer here.

MAX:

But I want to help.

DOCTOR:

The most helpful thing you can do is to keep out of the way.

NYSSA:

The Doctor's right. It could be very dangerous.

MAX:

But –

LIZZIE:

It's alright, Doctor. I'll keep an eye on him. After all, don't want to lose our new recruit.

DOCTOR:
Your what?

MAX:
I'm, um, joining the Psychic Investigation Group. Alien
encounter consultant!

NYSSA:
Doctor – the aperture – it's opening –

(FX: AND SO IT IS – WITH A RUSH OF SUPERNATURAL WIND.)

DOCTOR:
Well's Wood! Just as we left it... well, almost.

LIZZIE:
Why is it getting light and dark like that? It's as if –

DOCTOR:
The tempo of time has accelerated. Each day in Stockbridge now
only lasts a second.

NYSSA:
A second?

DOCTOR:
Soon they'll be even shorter. Goodbye, Lizzie, and er... good
luck, Max!

LIZZIE:
Won't you need protection suits, if you're going in there?

DOCTOR:
No time. Besides, I've stabilised the interface, they shouldn't
be required. Nyssa?

NYSSA:
Ready, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
Then here goes... (LEAPS)

(FX: THEY ENTER THE INTERFACE. AND RETURN TO STOCKBRIDGE. A
TERRIBLE WIND IS HOWLING. IT'S RAINING, HAILING, EARTHQUAKING.)

NYSSA:
(RECOILING) Doctor – !

DOCTOR:
Ah yes, you'll find the weather's turned a little inclement
since your last visit –

NYSSA:

A little? It's snowing!

DOCTOR:

Yes. It would appear the glorious summer is now a winter of discontent. Come on!

62. WELL'S WOOD

LIZZIE:

Powering down... and off. (BEAT) There. They've gone.

(FX: THE AMPLIFIER POWERS DOWN. SUDDENLY THERE IS SILENCE.)

MAX:

And never coming back.

LIZZIE:

You don't know that.

MAX:

That's why they've gone! They're gonna sacrifice themselves, to save us.

LIZZIE:

Well, maybe if it's for the best, it's their decision –

MAX:

You don't get it. They're gonna be stuck there for eternity. While I just sit around here and do nothing. Because I'm useless!

LIZZIE:

You're not useless, Max. Not to me.

MAX:

No?

LIZZIE:

No. I told you. We need you. You're part of the P I G now. Our alien expert!

MAX:

You're right... Um, I know it's probably a stupid question, but... do I get a badge?

LIZZIE:

A badge?

MAX:

An I-D thing, like you have. Only I'd really to make it official.

LIZZIE:

(DOUBTFUL) If you insist. We should have something in the van. Give me a minute.

(FX: LIZZIE HEADS OFF.)

MAX:

Ta, mucho appreciated! (SOTTO) ...Right. Now, how do turn this thing back on?

(FX: MAX STARTS PUSHING BUTTONS.)

63. VILLAGE GREEN.

(FX: CHURCH BELLS CHIMING. IN THE BACKGROUND, TIME IS LOOPED — SOMETIMES THE SAME FEW SECONDS REPEATING, SOMETIMES NEW ELEMENTS FADING IN AND OUT. WE HEAR MOMENTS OF SCENE 8, THE ELEGY FROM 9, SCENES 23, 24, THE POEM FROM SCENE 34, LIKE THE BEATLES' 'REVOLUTION # 9' MEETS 'TOMORROW NEVER KNOWS'...

ALONG WITH DUCKS QUACKING, TERRIFIED SCREAMS, TRAFFIC, JANE'S BICYCLE BRAKES SCREECHING, MUSIC AND CHILDREN'S LAUGHTER FROM THE CORONATION PARTY, AND EVERY OCCASION A CHARACTER IN THE VILLAGE HAS GIVEN A DATE — ALL LOOPED, REPEATING, OVERLAPPING.)

NYSSA:

Doctor, what's happened to Stockbridge?

DOCTOR:

The stasis field's compacting! The last sixty years are occurring all at once...

NYSSA:

It's like... broken glass. Like we're looking at the village through a cracked mirror...

DOCTOR:

A four-dimensional fracture. Come on, we should move before things get any worse...

(FX: A SHOTGUN BARREL IS COCKED.)

HAROLD:

Doctor Smith.

DOCTOR:
Harold. Alice. And Mister Jackson. How delightful to meet you again so soon.

DUDLEY:
So soon, Doctor?

ALICE:
You've been gone for...

HAROLD:
...about as long as I can remember.

DUDLEY:
In fact, I can barely remember a time when you were here.

NYSSA:
Doctor?

DOCTOR:
Relative time. While we've only been away for a few minutes, for them it's been –

HAROLD:
Must be getting on for a hundred years.

ALICE:
At least, if not more.

DUDLEY:
But we always knew you would return. To destroy us.

DOCTOR:
To destroy you?

HAROLD:
Without the Lord and Lady's influence, we can, at last, see this place for what it is.

ALICE:
We've tasted immortality –

HAROLD
– and we just want it to be over.

NYSSA:
You want to die?

ALICE:
We beg you, Doctor. End this.

DOCTOR:

But I could save you, get you out of here –

DUDLEY:

We've had our lives a thousand times, a million times. All we desire is oblivion.

ALICE:

So. Will you help us?

DOCTOR:

I'll do my best. But I'll need your help in return...

64. WELL'S WOOD

(FX: THE PSYCHIC AMPLIFIER IS POWERING UP.)

MAX:

Come on... work faster, you stupid machine –

LIZZIE: (APPROACHING)

Max, what the hell are you doing?

MAX:

I don't want to be stuck on the sidelines any more...

LIZZIE:

What?

MAX:

I've missed out things, all my life. The Doctor and Nyssa need my help. They don't know it, but they do. I'm going back to Stockbridge.

(FX: THE APERTURE OPENED, USUAL UNIVERSE-RIPPING APART EFFECT.)

LIZZIE:

You've re-opened the aperture!

MAX:

You've gotta promise me, the moment I'm through, you'll switch it off again.

LIZZIE:

Max, don't do it. Please –

MAX:

I'm sorry, it (would've) – no, wait, there's something I have to do here first.

LIZZIE:
What?

MAX:
Lizzie.

(FX: HE KISSES HER.)

LIZZIE:
Maxwell!

MAX:
Don't worry, I'll be coming back, somehow. I have to collect my P I G membership badge. And go for that coffee and a bun. So... goodbye and... (LEAPING) Geronimo!

(FX: WE PASS THROUGH THE APERTURE WITH MAX, INTO THE TIME-STORM.)

MAX:
(REALISATION) Oh, crumbs... what have got myself into this time?

65. CONSERVATORY

(FX: A WINDOW SMASHES. THE CONSERVATORY AMBIENCE.)

HAROLD:
Quickly, through here – the Lord and Lady's conservatory –

DOCTOR:
(CLIMBING THROUGH) Yes... Thank you. Nyssa, are you alright?

NYSSA:
Relieved to be out of the storm.

DOCTOR:
Good, and thank you for getting us inside the manor, Alice –

ALICE:
We're not leaving you, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
If you insist. If you'll excuse me, I'd like to take another look at the metabolic fail-safe.

(FX: ACTIVATING INSTRUMENTS, BEEPING.)

NYSSA:
What are you trying to do?

DOCTOR:
Just double-checking whether there's any way of reversing the collapse in stasis...

NYSSA:
And is there?

DOCTOR:
(DEFEATED) No.

NYSSA:
Then there's only one remaining course of action.

ALICE:
What's that?

DOCTOR:
I deactivate the fail-safe and allow the warp core to ignite. It'll destroy everything within the time bubble. The manor, Stockbridge, the Lord and Lady. And us.

HAROLD:
You have to do it.

NYSSA:
He's right, Doctor. If it means we save the Earth...

DOCTOR:
There would be no way out, no escape, for any of us. You understand?

NYSSA:
You're wasting time, Doctor. Start shutting down the stasis field...!

DOCTOR:
(BEAT) I already have, Nyssa. We've got about ten minutes left...

(FX: BUT THEY HAVE BEEN JOINED BY...)

LORD:
Oh no, Doctor. I think you will find you have all the time in the world.

66. VILLAGE GREEN

(FX: MAX IS CAUGHT AMIDST THE CHAOS.)

MAX:

Doctor? (BEAT) Oh, me and my big ideas. Wait – the blue box!
The Doctor's blue box!

(FX: THE PHONE IS RINGING. HE ENTERS THE POLICE BOX, PICKS IT UP.)

MAX:

Hello?

VIRIDIOS: (VIA PHONE)

You can never escape your past, Maxwell Edison...

(FX: WE WHOOSH INTO A FLASHBACK:)

67. PUB.

(FX: AN EVENING OF LAUGHTER, DARTS, CHAT, CLINKING DRINKS.)

HAROLD:

Eh, you'll never guess what that idiot Edison's gone and done now.

DUDLEY:

No, what?

ALICE:

We saw him, last night. Out on his motorbike again.

HAROLD

With a dowsing rod! Holding it out in front of him, he was!
Using it to steer!

(FX: A SURREAL, SUDDEN BURST OF MOCKING LAUGHTER.)

DUDLEY:

Makes a change from looking for Martians.

ALICE:

Oh, you haven't been listening to his stories again, have you?

HAROLD:

About that time he went up in that spaceship!

DUDLEY:

Yeah, the night of the meteor shower. Must've got his imagination over-heated.

ALICE:

You know, I've always thought he was not-quite-right in the head – always riding around on that motorbike of his, never really fitting in, not part of the village –

(FX: A COUNTRY LANE. MAX IS ON HIS MOTORBIKE. REVVING HARD.)

MAX: (CRYING, BITTER)

I don't care. I don't care what any of them think. One of these days, I'm gonna wipe those smiles off their... stupid fat faces. It did happen, I did meet... (the Doctor.)

(FX: A CAR HORN. BRAKES SCREECH. THE MOTORBIKE SKIDS, HITS A TREE.)

MAX:

(IN PAIN) The Doctor...

(FX: WE WHOOSH OUT AGAIN TO:)

VICAR:

We are gathered to remember Maxwell Edison, who died a week ago in a tragic road accident –

(FX: AND WE WHOOSH BACK TO:)

68. VILLAGE GREEN

VIRIDIOS: (VIA PHONE)

You will never leave Stockbridge, Maxwell Edison. You will remain here... forever.

(FX: MAX SLAMS THE RECEIVER DOWN. DISTRAUGHT, BUT DETERMINED.)

MAX:

I'd rather die.

69. CONSERVATORY

LADY:

We always knew you would return... Doctor... and Miss Nyssa.

LORD:

After all, we are your inescapable destiny.

DOCTOR:

So you've mentioned. Forgive me if I remain unconvinced.

LORD:

I am you, Doctor. Your future.

DOCTOR:

Yes, but... there must be something else... something that altered you, something that changed your nature... because I know myself, and I know Nyssa and we could never become like you, not in a thousand years, not in a million years.

LORD:

You will re-instate the stasis field, Time Lord. Or (I will)...

HAROLD & ALICE:

No.

DUDLEY:

You'll have to get through us, first.

LADY:

(ACHING) My Lord... I have to feed –

LORD:

Then feed you must, my dear...

HAROLD:

Take me. Grant me your 'absolution'.

DUDLEY:

And me.

ALICE:

And me.

NYSSA:

Doctor, do something!

DOCTOR:

There's nothing I can do. The villagers – they're forcing her hand –

LADY:

So hungry... first, I think, I shall devour... the innkeeper!

(FX: THE SOUND OF HER FEEDING, AS IN SCENE 42. DUDLEY SCREAMS AS WE WHOOSH THROUGH HIS PAST – CLIPS FROM EARLIER SCENES – INTO:)

70. RIVERBANK

(FX: CONTINUATION OF SCENE 43.)

JANE: Let go, you're hurting me –

DUDLEY:

Alright, I'm letting go. It's just... I don't want to lose you. If I'm going to be a father –

JANE:

Yes, but... I don't want you. I don't –

DUDLEY:

Careful, that's not gonna hold your weight –

(FX: SHE SCREAMS AND FALLS. A SPLASH. THEN A LINE FROM SCENE 24:

DUDLEY: One minute she was standing there, the next the edge just gave way –)

(FX: WHOOSHING BACK TO:)

71. CONSERVATORY

(FX: A BODY SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR.)

NYSSA:

He's dead! You've killed him..

LADY:

Must have more. More! More! You! Old woman!

(FX: ALICE SCREAMS, THEN WE WHOOSH INTO ALICE'S PAST. FLASHBACKS OF HER EARLIER SCENES, HAROLD'S DEATH, THE FIRE, AND A WEDDING:)

HAROLD:

I, Harold George Withers, take thee, Alice Felicity Clarke, to be my wedded wife –

ALICE:

- to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish and obey, (till)

(FX: WE WHOOSH OUT TO HEAR THE LADY FEEDING.)

ALICE:

(DYING) - till death us do part.

LADY:

And you. The husband. How much time do you have left?

(FX: WE WHOOSH INTO A SERIES OF HAROLD FLASHBACKS; THE FIRE AT THE SCHOOL, THE WEDDING, ALICE GASPING IN PAIN. A BABY CRIES...)

HAROLD:

My son... my son! He looks so small, all red and wrinkled. Hello Philip. It's your dad!

(FX: AND BACK)

HAROLD:

(DYING) At last - it ends...

LADY:

(HEAVING, HUNGRY) More! Must have more!

LORD:

My Lady, you must restrain your appetite -

LADY:

No! (BEAT) The girl, Nyssa. I shall feast upon the past-life of the girl...

NYSSA:

(SCREAM) Doctor-!

DOCTOR:

Nyssa - !

(FX: BEFORE HE CAN ACT, THE LADY IS FEEDING AGAIN. LAUGHING. NYSSA IN PAIN, SCREAMING. WE WHOOSH BACK THROUGH NYSSA'S MEMORIES. STARTING WITH *CASTLE OF FEAR* WE HEAR CLIPS FROM OTHER NYSSA 'BIG FINISH' ADVENTURES. ADRIC AND THOMAS BREWSTER. THE WEB PLANET. THE STOCKBRIDGE EPISODE OF *CIRCULAR TIME*, BACK INTO THE RUSSELL ERA. *CREATURES OF BEAUTY*, THE YVONNE SCENE FROM *SPARE PARTS*, MENTIONING TRAKEN IN *PRIMEVAL*, DALEKS IN *THE MUTANT PHASE*, ALL CULMINATING IN A SCREAM - NOT FROM NYSSA, BUT FROM THE LADY.)

LADY:

(WEAKENING, REVERTING TO NYSSA) What am I? What... have... I become?

DOCTOR:

(CONCERNED) Nyssa...

LADY:

I was... I am the girl Nyssa. I remember. I remember everything now.

LORD:

No, my Lady, (you) –

DOCTOR:

Of course. You've accessed Nyssa's memories... now you know who you really are!

LADY:

I was with you... in an explosion –

DOCTOR:

Yes... after the engines ignited, we were thrown forward in time – we must've been caught in the hyperspatial warp as the time bubble (inflated) –

LADY:

No... no, we were saved.

DOCTOR:

Saved? By what?

LADY:

...Viridios.

DOCTOR:

Viridios?

LADY:

The master... of this domain. The one who made us.

LORD:

(SECRET'S BEEN BLOWN) My Lady –

(FX: VIRIDIOS, DISTORTED, AS THOUGH INSIDE SOMEBODY'S HEAD...)

VIRIDIOS:

(THOUGHTS) Her time has come. She must die.

LORD:

(THOUGHTS) As you command, master.

(FX: WE RETURN TO THE SCENE.)

LORD:
My Lady –

LADY:
What are you doing? My Lord, keep away from me –

LORD:
You have betrayed our master. So, now it is my turn to feast.
On YOU!

LADY:
No. No... No!!!

(FX: THE LADY SCREAMS AS THE LORD FEASTS. LAUGHING
HYSTERICALLY, BITING, SWALLOWING, EATING. THE LADY WHIMPERS,
GASPS AND DIES.)

NYSSA:
(WAKING) Doctor – what (did she)

DOCTOR:
You gave her indigestion – she bit off more than she could
chew. Can you stand?

(FX: THERE'S A BOOM, SHAKING, AN EARTHQUAKE. FALLING MASONRY.)

NYSSA:
I think so. What's happening?

DOCTOR:
The Manor's breaking up. We can't have very long left. Come on
– before his Lordship reaches the dessert course..

72. VILLAGE GREEN.

(FX: THE EFFECTS OF THE TIME-LOOPED VILLAGE HAVE INTENSIFIED. A WORLD COMING TO AN END. THE DOCTOR AND NYSSA RUNNING.)

NYSSA:

Doctor, if everything in the bubble will be destroyed, it doesn't matter where we are...

DOCTOR:

You're right. Didn't like the idea of just standing around to be eaten. Wait!

NYSSA:

What?

DOCTOR:

The Police Box! Come on, inside...

(FX: INTO THE BOX. DOORS CLOSE AFTER THEM, MUFFLING THE STORM.)

NYSSA:

Max!

MAX:

I... um... hello!

DOCTOR:

What are you doing here? I told you not to follow us!

MAX:

I know, but I thought... you might need my help.

DOCTOR:

Fine. Your plan, being?

MAX:

(APOLOGETIC) Hadn't really got that far.

NYSSA:

Doctor, the Lord and Lady. Were they really our future?

DOCTOR:

A remote possibility, a shadow-play sustained by this... 'Viridios'. Whatever that is.

NYSSA:

I don't understand.

DOCTOR:

The hyperspatial warp must have splintered off alternative selves. As we were sent into the future... another Doctor and Nyssa were summoned into being in the past.

MAX:

Oh, right! I get it!

DOCTOR:

Do you?

MAX:

No.

(FX: THE PHONE RINGS.)

MAX:

Don't answer it.

DOCTOR:

Sorry?

MAX:

It'll be that... thing. That voice.

(FX: THE DOCTOR PICKS IT UP.)

DOCTOR:

Hello... yes? (BEAT) Max, it's for you.

MAX:

Hello?

LIZZIE: (VIA PHONE)

(WITH GREAT EFFORT) Max... if you can hear me... I'm going to try opening the aperture, one last time. I know you said not to... but I (want) -

VIRIDIOS: (VIA PHONE)

YOU CAN NEVER LEAVE!

(FX: PHONE SLAMMED DOWN,)

MAX:

It - it was Lizzie. She's going to trying opening up the interface aperture thing -

DOCTOR:

(THE WORST NEWS IN THE UNIVERSE) What?

MAX:

It's a way out, isn't it?

DOCTOR:

You don't understand! In a few minutes, this whole village is going to be obliterated in a catastrophic explosion. If the bubble isn't completely sealed when that happens...

NYSSA:

- it will destroy the Earth.

DOCTOR:

Why couldn't you just do as you were told?

MAX:

Well forgive me for trying to save your life!

73. WELL'S WOOD

(FX: WE CAN HEAR THE CRACKLE AND WHOOSH OF THE APERTURE HERE.)

NYSSA:

(SEEING IT) Doctor... the interface!

MAX:

It wasn't like this before - it's more of... a tunnel. I can see... it's daylight out there!

NYSSA:

Doctor, if we can get out, and close off the breach -

DOCTOR:

I'm right behind you. Come on - (SUDDENLY SEES SOMETHING) oh.

(FX: THE LORD DOCTOR IS HERE. HIS VOICE WILL GRADUALLY CHANGE INTO THAT OF VIRIDIOS. THEY ARE MERGING, BECOMING ONE AND THE SAME.)

LORD:

Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Look, whatever you are - you've lost. It's over. This world of yours, Stockbridge... it's finished! There's nothing you can do to stop it now...

LORD:

We are one and the same, Doctor. If I am to be destroyed... then so must you.

MAX:

(WHISPER) Doctor – maybe if I distract him, so you and Nyssa can nip past –

DOCTOR:

No Max – enough people have sacrificed themselves on my behalf.

MAX:

But I should be dead anyway – I was killed in a road accident, you see, years ago –

DOCTOR:

But now you have a chance to live. (LOUDER) I take it I'm addressing 'Viridios' now... whatever you are!

LORD:

Viridios... is the spirit of the trees. The life-force of nature. Viridios is the canopy of the forest, the creak of the branches in the wind, the roots plunging down into the earth.

DOCTOR:

That's quite a CV. But what are you really?

LORD:

I am all around you.

NYSSA:

All around us?

MAX:

The wood... it's Well's Wood!

DOCTOR:

Of course... Viridios. The green man!

NYSSA:

The green man?

DOCTOR:

A figure from human folklore, symbolising rebirth. But, it seems, with a basis in fact...

LORD:

I slept in the earth for a million years. Then I awoke... awoke to an eternal summer.

DOCTOR:

An eternal summer which has come to an end.

LORD:

(LAUGHS) No, Doctor. This is how it happens.

NYSSA:
What?

LORD:
The moment of creation. The time has come for you to be imbued with my life-force.

DOCTOR:
It's trying to perpetuate the paradox... to turn us into the Lord and Lady...

NYSSA:
Doctor, I can't move.

DOCTOR:
Nyssa - !

LORD:
You will not be able to resist. None can defy my will...

MAX:
Oh no. I think you'll find that some of us can...

LORD:
No... what are you - keep back!

(FX: MAX STEPS FORWARD.)

MAX:
You never could control me. Because I never fitted in. I was never part of the village.

DOCTOR:
(SOTTO) Of course! His extra sensory-ability! Maxwell Edison - the loner, the nutcase, the village laughing stock - and the one person with a mind of his own!

MAX:
Let my friends go, Viridios!

LORD:
No... No... YOU ARE MINE TO COMMAND!

(FX: THE LORD'S VOICE HAS, BY NOW, BECOME AN UNEARTHLY ROAR.)

MAX:
I should warn you, I'm not a violent man, but when my dander's up I can (be a) -

DOCTOR:
Just hit him, Max!

(FX: AND HE DOES. LORD DOCTOR GASPS AS HE FALLS)

MAX:

Take that, you... swine! Oh gosh, that really hurts your hand.

DOCTOR:

Now! Quick! Into the tunnel – before my future self picks himself up –

NYSSA:

Doctor – the sky... the dawn is coming up – daylight, brilliant daylight –

DOCTOR:

That's not the dawn. That's the end of the world. Come on – run!

(FX: AS THEY RUN, THE WORLD ENDS. A MAELSTROM. TIME RIPPING APART.)

MAX:

Oh my – I can see her – Lizzie – I can see her!

LIZZIE:

(CALLING) Max! You're almost through – just one more step –

MAX:

No – the Doctor and Nyssa – the tunnel is closing – it's closing – I have to go back –

(FX: IT'S THE END. A ROAR OVERWHELMS EVERYTHING, THEN SILENCE.)

74. VILLAGE GREEN

(FX: PEACE. BIRDSONG. DUCKS ON THE POND. CHURCH BELLS RING OUT.)

MAX: (WAKING)

Stockbridge. I'm back in Stockbridge! I don't believe it. It's as if... it's as if nothing's ever happened. Hello... (SHOUTS) Hello? Sorry, can you help me?

(FX: HE'S GOT THE ATTENTION OF A VILLAGER WE HAVEN'T MET BEFORE.)

DAVE:

Hello, yeah?

MAX:

I'm sorry, hope you don't mind me asking, but what year is it?

DAVE:

What year?

MAX:

Yes.

DAVE:

Two thousand and nine. August the fourth.

MAX:

And... that's the only year it is? It isn't any other years as well?

DAVE:

Are you feeling okay?

MAX:

I'm fine. No. More than fine. I'm not dead and that's the best feeling in the world!

DAVE:

(WARY) Alright.

MAX:

Wait. Um... the couple at the Green Dragon. Alice and Harold Withers.

DAVE:

If you're looking for them, you're out of luck. They died a few years back. Why?

MAX:

What about... Mr Jackson at the Redfern Inn?

DAVE:

He's gone too, I'm afraid. Must be, oh, over ten years ago.

MAX:

And what about Maxwell Edison?

DAVE:

Who?

MAX:

Haven't you heard of him? He died in a road accident, earlier this year. Quarry Lane, near the bus stop, corner of Well's Wood –

DAVE:

No, nothing like that's happened around here, not that I know of.

MAX:

I'm not dead. (DELIGHTED GASP) Lizzie! She's here, she's still here –

DAVE:

What?

MAX:

That woman by the post office – I know her! Sorry, gotta dash. (CALLS OUT) Lizzie! Lizzie!

(FX: MAX RUNS OVER TO LIZZIE. WE GO WITH HIM.)

(OUT OF BREATH) Lizzie!

LIZZIE:

Sorry, should I know you?

MAX:

It's me. Max. Maxwell Edison. You know. 'Bang bang, silver hammer.'

LIZZIE:

No, I don't think we've met...

MAX:

You don't remember me? Your alien encounter specialist. The P I G?

LIZZIE:

The what? The 'pig'? What are you on about?

MAX:

(REALISING) If you're not... then, then what are you doing in Stockbridge?

LIZZIE:

I live here. I've been here for the past ten years, ever since I got married.

MAX:

So you don't investigate ghosts and UFOs?

LIZZIE:

Er... no. I run the Estate Agents, Corrigan and Webb.

MAX:

Estate agents...?

LIZZIE:

Look, I've got to go, I'm meeting a client. Do you have someone who looks after you?

MAX:

No. No, I don't.

(FX: LIZZIE GOES.)

MAX:

It never happened. Stockbridge never disappeared... so there never was never any P I G. No, it did happen. Otherwise I wouldn't be here now... (SHOUTS, LAUGHING) I'll see you again, Doctor. Just you watch out! Maxwell Edison – Psychic Investigator!

75. TIME VORTEX

(FX: THE ROAR OF THE INTERFACE, GROWING EVER LOUDER AND MORE TIME-VORTEXY. THE DOCTOR AND NYSSA DRIFTING INTO THE DISTANCE)

NYSSA:
Doctor —

DOCTOR:
The breach. It's closed. We didn't make it through.

NYSSA:
And Stockbridge... it's fading away into the distance... There's no way back.

DOCTOR:
We're trapped... caught in the dimensional interface... the space between worlds.

NYSSA:
Doctor... the tunnel... it's closing in around us!

DOCTOR:
Yes... take my hand, Nyssa... things might get a little bumpy from now on —

NYSSA:
What's going to happen to us?

DOCTOR:
I have no idea... but here goes!

(FX: NYSSA AND THE DOCTOR SCREAM AS THEY GET DRAGGED INTO A TEMPORAL WHIRLPOOL.)

END OF PART FOUR CLIFFHANGER

137 (AMR 214)

Horsley C.M.

W. Horsley (1774–1858)



There is a green hill far away,
 without a city wall,
 where the dear Lord was crucified,
 who died to save us all.

2

We may not know, we cannot tell,
 what pains he had to bear,
 but we believe it was for us
 he hung and suffered there.

3

He died that we might be forgiven,
 he died to make us good,
 that we might go at last to heaven,
 saved by his precious blood.

4

There was no other good enough
 to pay the price of sin;
 he only could unlock the gate
 of heaven, and let us in.

5

O dearly, dearly has he loved,
 and we must love him too,
 and trust in his redeeming blood,
 and try his works to do.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER (1818–95)